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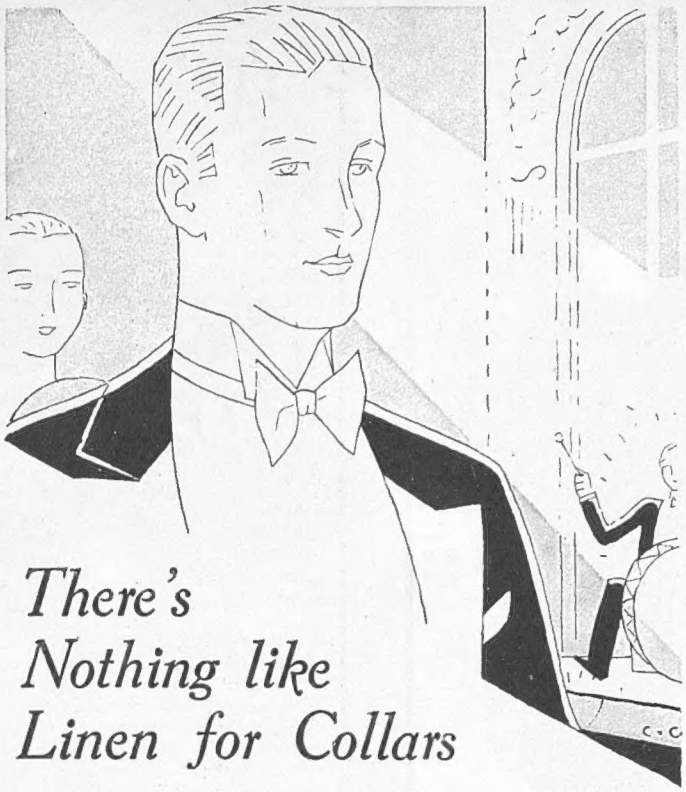

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LINEN retains its snowy whiteness through endless washings, in direct contrast to the yellowish hue quickly assumed by the cotton used in so many collars advertised to-day.

'Castle' Linen-faced Collars are sold in sixteen different shapes. The style illustrated above (B46—2¼ inches deep, B47—2 inches deep) is the correct Collar for present Day and Evening Wear; with important wings which hold the fashionable wide tie in perfect position. 'Castle' Collars are faced with our famous Irish Linen, yet they cost no more than cotton collars. Obtainable from Robinson & Cleaver only.

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One Shilling Each

'CASTLE' COLLARS MADE TO MEASURE to your own design at 14/6 a dozen. A unique service, used and praised by thousands of well-dressed men during the past fifty years.

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CREATIONS of more than ordinary charm are these new Wraps, featured at Harrods in preparation for important race-meets and other smart occasions! Particularly effective is the model pictured, with its wealth of hand-embroidery.

In openwork effect, shades of Periwinkle Blue on Ivory Crêpe-de-Chine Satin, with deep Crêpe-de-Chine border, cuffs and facings echoing the Periwinkle tones. Lined throughout with Ivory Crêpe-de-Chine. *Ask for the 'Chimerique'* . . . . **23½ Gns**

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ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, latest "Pull-on" Model in *Superfine* Felt with band and bow of contrasting shades. Very becoming and snug fitting, absolutely waterproof and very light in weight. In all head sizes and these newest colours — Golden Brown, Bois-de-Rose, Fuchsia, Pervenche, Blue, Navy, Grey, Beige, Light Beige, Mignonette Green, Sable, Claret, Rosewood, Rust Brown, Mauve, Black, and in fact over 40 shades to match costumes. Price **29/6**

Also in Straw, **39/6**

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(As particulars below)

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„ 5 16in. × 18in.	190	1¼in.	5in.	£7 3 2
„ 6 16in. × 24in.	220	1¼in.	5in.	£8 13 9
„ 7 16in. × 30in.	250	1¼in.	5in.	£10 5 3

GREENHOUSE	ft.	ft.	ft.	GARAGE	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	12	× 44	× 8	No. 4 Boiler,	35	× 40	× 10
„ 5 „	12	× 48	× 8	„ 5 „	40	× 40	× 10
„ 6 „	12	× 56	× 8	„ 6 „	40	× 45	× 10
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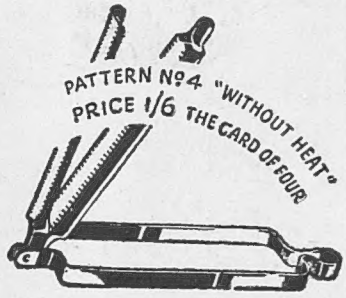

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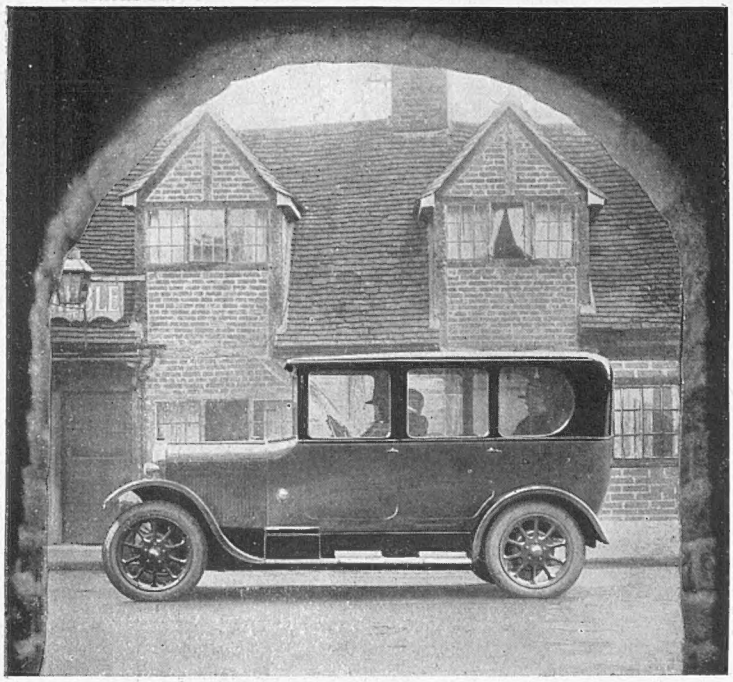

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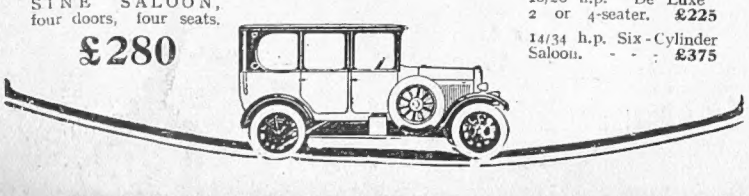

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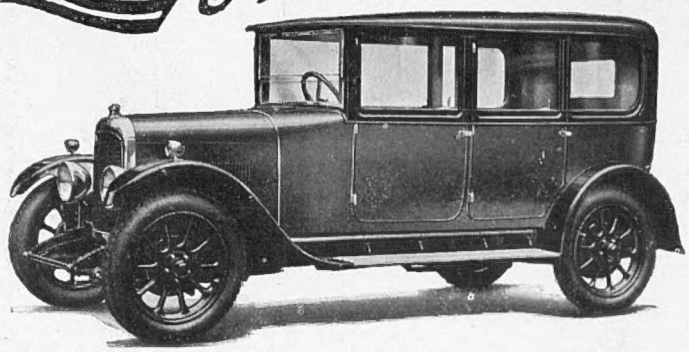

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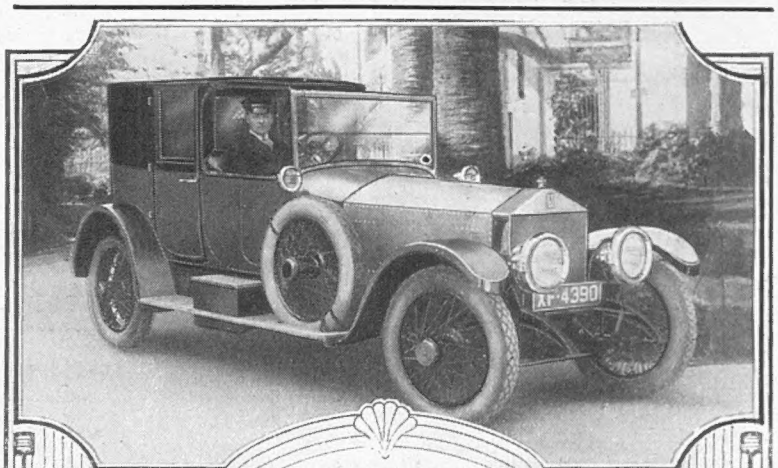

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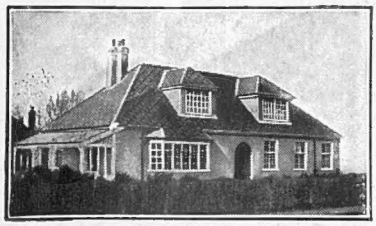

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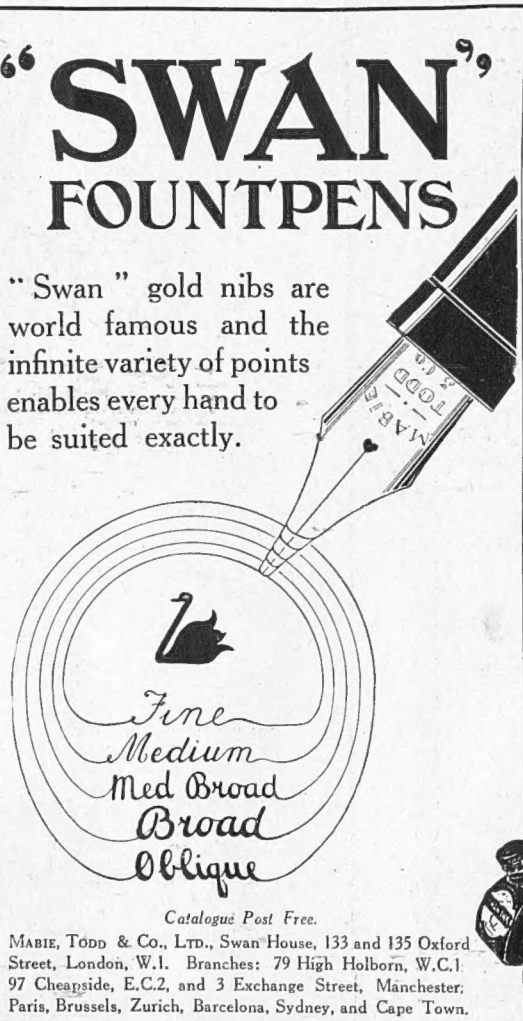

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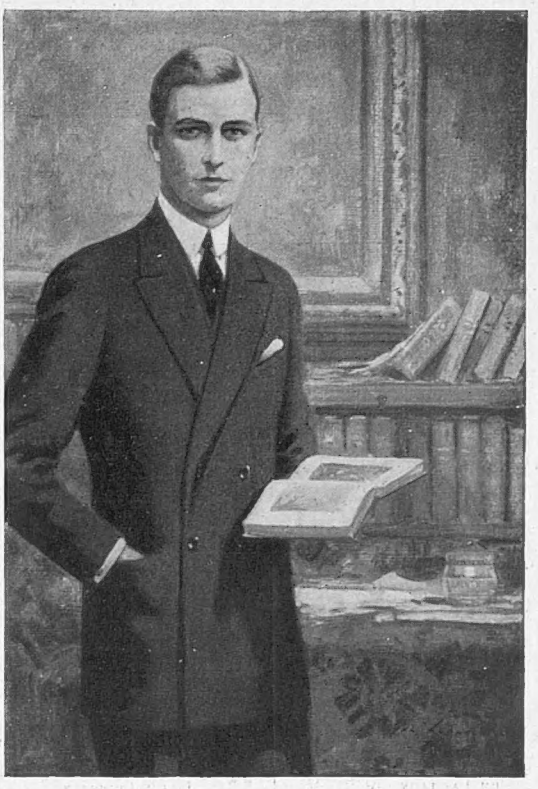

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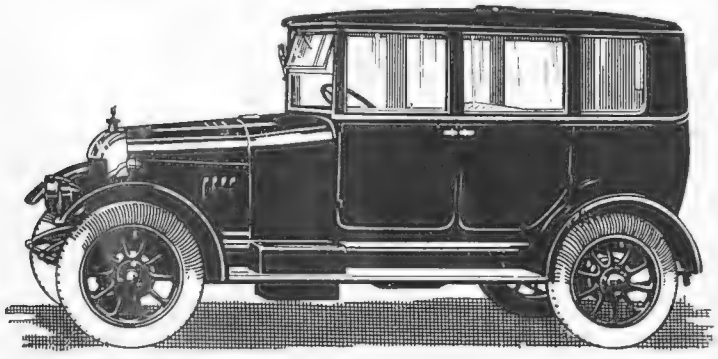

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

I Play the Martyr

WHEN I am tied to town, I like to read those snippy little paragraphs that tell me what is happening in the country. On such occasions, it pleases me to play the martyr and to make myself believe that I am very hardly done by, in being chained to the streets of the city.

Town and Country

THOSE little paragraphs that appear in my morning paper, under the heading of "The Call of the Country," or "Sun-Spots from the Shires," are, I think, written by a City man in an office with a thick carpet and a big coal fire. I picture him studying his calendar through mists of sentiment, and drawing on his imagination for his facts. He carries conviction when he is read in London, but if you happen to be living in the country you are not always so credulous.

The Nose of the Newsboy

THIS morning I sat in a jolly country house, watching the snow-flakes play catch-as-catch-can, in one of the thinnest north-easters that have ever blown across these hills. Even the milkman—a confirmed optimist—complained of the bitter wind, and the nose of the news-boy was as blue as the blue-bells that will be out in a month or so from now. But what said my friend of the country column? "A skylark poised high above, rains silver notes through air that is murmurous of bells . . . the willows wave their emerald chains, and the graceful birches their catkin-laden sprays . . . the primroses in the sheltered nooks grow more and more, for there, Spring has them by the hand."

The Spirit of the Scene

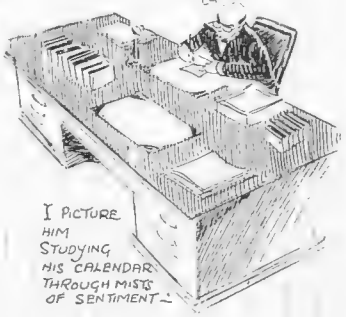
ALL strictly true, of course, but scarcely reflecting the spirit of the scene as I see it from this window where I write. I have a notion that if I went in search of the primroses, or listened to the silver notes of the lark, Spring would have me by the nose and ears, while the biting wind will have robbed the graceful birches of their catkin-laden sprays, unless I am much mistaken. Yet, in town, readers of that paragraph are surely envying me my little trip to Arcady.

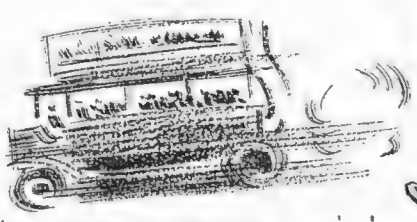
Sirens of the Soil

I NOTICE that my friend, T. C. Bridges, who knows as much of the countryside as most people, has been putting in a word for the plover. I hope he will succeed in discouraging the rather silly fashion for eating the eggs of these sirens of the soil, but I fear that the snobbery of the rich will prove too much for him. The crime—and it *is* a crime—lies at the door of the West End *gourmet*, for I have never yet seen a countryman eat a plover's egg. This is not to say that he would not find them pleasant to the palate. It just happens to be a thing that isn't done—as sailors don't shoot sea-gulls and country boys don't cage goldfinches.

Mr. Pepys

THIS night, I to the playhouse, greatly dejected at the Plague of American plays which God preserve us in. And, at the Royalty, did see *Mr. Pepys*, a play that hath much mirth in it, and more wit and music than go to ten new plays. Delighted above all by my dear Isabel Jeans as "Nell Gwyn," and in perfect pleasure, I was, to hear her sing. To make our mirth the more complete, Frederick Ranalow was in the highest pitch of humour, and most excellent company he is. I never was more taken with a play than I am with this *Mr. Pepys*.





I Kill the Thing I Love

As a very casual user of the motor 'bus, I am not in favour of the covered variety that has recently made its appearance in the streets of London. Frankly, I am afraid of them. They descend on one like a train, and look far more fearsome than those of the open, garden seat pattern. But I am prepared to suffer for the sake of the regular passenger who comes to his work by omnibus and must take his weather as he finds it. It would be churlish of me to grudge him a dry seat on a wet day in order that I may take the air when the sun is shining. And therefore, I give my blessing to the covered 'bus, even though I know that by so doing I am helping to kill the thing I love.

Only Room for One

Talking of 'buses, I am glad to see that the London General Omnibus Co. are buying controlling interests in several of the lesser companies. I am a stern individualist, with a hatred of monopolies and an abiding passion for small concerns, but I have been forced to the belief that there is only room for one metropolitan traffic concern. If I were in Parliament I would ask for a return of casualties to pedestrians during the past six months, and I have a notion that the public would be shocked by the figures. As for hair's-breadth escapes—I have a dozen a day, all to myself.

By Blam

WAITING FOR WINSTON!

A Good Example

While officialdom hangs on grimly to those irritating restrictions that make London a laughing-stock, the big private companies are setting the Government a good example by moving with the times. It is now possible to travel in an Underground lift without putting your pipe in your pocket and running the risk of creating a panic by suddenly bursting into flames. It is also possible to smoke in a waiting-room—of the L.N.E.R. I raise my hat to the enlightened body of men that controls the destinies of that great railway.

The Stale Old Farce

Other railway directors, I imagine, will speedily follow this good example, but will the old woman at Westminster stir in her sleep? I doubt it. We shall still continue to play the stale old farce of the stale old sandwich that accompanies the glass of beer taken after a certain hour. We shall still obtain our cigarettes from the machines attached to the iron gates of the big multiple tobacco shops, when we might buy them decently across the counter of some small trader with a small wife and big family to keep. We shall still fail to get chocolates during the intervals of the play. I marvel that we are allowed to live after ten o'clock.

The Boulevard Mind

In spite of Lord Peel's condemnation of the scheme to form a boulevard at the eastern end of Hyde Park, I fancy the suggestion will appeal to quite a lot of travelled folk with what one might term the boulevard mind. There is nothing very degrading about a fine broad traffic-way. Myself I find such a thing rather stimulating, and I hope that the early prejudices of too conservative statesmen will be amenable to argument of the practical kind. We shall never settle London's traffic problem by holding up pious hands every time a suggestion is made.

Letting in Air

After the boulevard should come the equally Continental and equally desirable *café* system of providing refreshment. The over-congested public-house is just as objectionable as the over-congested public highway. We are gradually letting more air into London, and the principle should be extended in every possible direction.

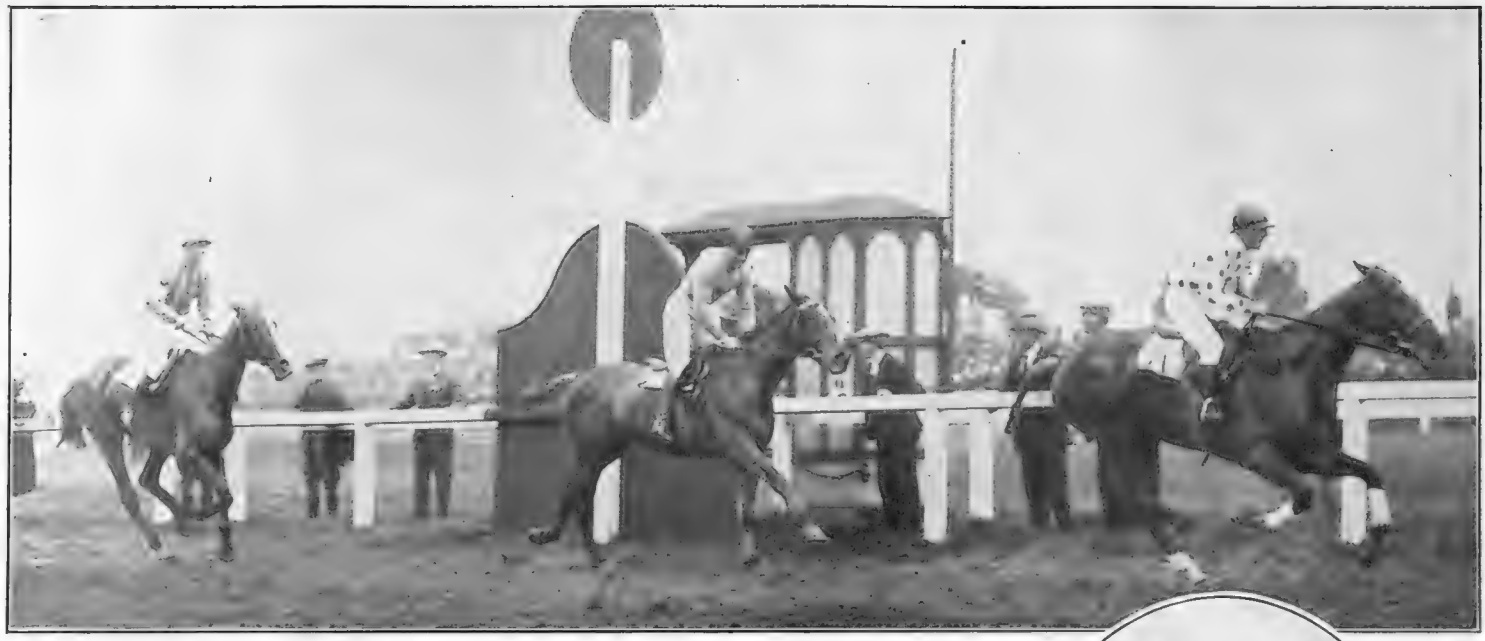
Well Phrased

Even the closest friends and warmest admirers of Sir Austen Chamberlain were surprised by the effective vigour with which he defended his conduct of the Geneva negotiations. Indeed, I shall be surprised if one of his retorts to Mr. Lloyd George does not pass into the history books of a future generation. Some people, he said, knew only one way of making friends with our old enemies—by making enemies of our old friends. Whether or no one agrees with the sentiment expressed, there can be no doubt that it was extraordinarily well phrased.

London and Geneva: A Tale of Two Cities

BY E. T REED

SIDNEY CARTON (Austen, K.G.): "Sidney, my boy, this is a far, far better thing than *some* people anticipated"



Sport & General

JACK HORNER WINNING THE GRAND NATIONAL FROM OLD TAY BRIDGE AND BRIGHT'S BOY

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Royal Easter

THE KING is "keeping his Easter," as the old chroniclers used to say, at Windsor, and according to present arrangements the Court will remain there for some little time.

Before they went to Windsor, the King and Queen were for a week at York Cottage, that visit, I understand, being necessary for the discussion and decision as to the changes and improvements that are being carried out at Sandringham in preparation for their Majesties going into residence there.

Topical

LORD AND LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

Farringdon Photo Co.

PRINCE HENRY

Sandringham is the King's own private property, the alterations and redecorating that are taking place therefore in no way concern the Office of Works, which is responsible for the upkeep of the royal palaces, but are met out of the King's privy purse.

Between the alterations at Sandringham and at Marlborough House the Queen has been especially busy during the last few weeks, as both the King and the Prince of Wales rely upon her taste and knowledge implicitly.

Topical

LADY CARNARVON AND MR. J. BUCHANAN JARDINE

The Prince of Wales

THE PRINCE OF WALES had arranged to leave for Biarritz towards the end of last week, when unfortunately ear-trouble supervening on an influenza cold rendered a slight operation necessary. The Prince's departure for the South was therefore delayed. The news of the operation naturally caused the King and Queen anxiety, and on their return to London last Monday they drove straight from Liverpool Street to York House to see their son.

Biarritz

THE PRINCE OF WALES seems to have inherited King Edward's liking for Biarritz, and his second visit is sure to attract a good many people.

Biarritz really owes its origin and position as a pleasure resort to royal influence. The Empress Eugénie brought it into fashion during the Second Empire by spending several weeks every year in a

villa built for her by Napoleon III. The air she found "bracing and restoring" after the strenuous gaieties of the Tuileries and the Paris season, and, moreover, Biarritz was close to the frontier of her native Spain, which meant she could have visits from her Spanish friends and relations in an intimacy and with a frequency impossible at the Tuileries, Fontainebleau, or St. Cloud.

After the Franco-German War Biarritz became very popular with the quieter kind of English folk, who did not care for the then more fashionable Riviera, and at St. Jean de Luz, near by, there has grown up quite a large residential English colony.

LADY STANLEY AND CAPT. ERIC MACKENZIE

MAJOR L. M. GIBBS, MISS SHEFFIELD, THE HON. BARBARA GROSVENOR AND MISS POLE-CAREW

A "NATIONAL" GATHERING AT AINTREE

And a few of the thousands who were among it

Photographs *Topical*

LADY BROUGHTON AND MAJOR F. B. STAPLETON-BRETHERTON

CAPT. THE HON. GEORGE BAILLIE AND LADY MAUD BAILLIE

For years the Spanish season in July and August in point of fashion far outvied the winter and spring season. Then King Edward paid a visit to Biarritz, and was so charmed by the place and so much benefited by the air that, as you will remember, he went there again and again, thus giving the spring season a *cachet* it has never lost.

Perhaps you will remember, too, that during one of these visits there was an unexpected change of Government, and Lord Oxford and Asquith had to go out to Biarritz to transact the necessary formalities with King Edward. This was the only occasion throughout his reign that King Edward was subjected to criticism in the newspapers. The absence of the Sovereign abroad during a Government crisis, it was contended, practically left the country without a Government during Lord Oxford's journey to Biarritz and back.

Family Gatherings

THE present Royal Family have not inherited the love of going abroad which was shared by all the members of Queen Victoria's family. Every spring and every late summer one or other, sometimes all of them, crossed over to the Continent, invariably travelling *incognito*. One reason existed then which has been swept away by the War.

These trips abroad gave opportunities for meeting relations and paying visits to members of the many reigning houses to whom Queen Victoria was either grandmother, mother-in-law, or cousin. Many of these relatives would arrange to spend a holiday in the place chosen by one of the English Princes or Princesses. Consequently, there were often gatherings of cousins from the first to the third degree in one of the German or French *villes d'eau* or some summer resort. I remember one year at a German spa there were sixteen Royalties all *parenté* to an English Princess who, like themselves, was taking the cure. Every afternoon there was a big family gathering on the terrace outside the *Kurhaus* at tables specially reserved for the Royal party, and every day there were luncheons and dinners almost invariably all "family."

Topical

ARMS AND THE MEN

Mr. Oliver Stedall (left), Major Leigh P. Stedall, Mr. Geoffrey Stedall and Major Cecil Stedall uphold the principle that union is strength, at the Old Berkeley and Halton Camp Point-to-Point at Kimble. In the Adjacent Hunt Race, Major Cecil Stedall won, with Major Leigh Stedall second and Mr. Geoffrey Stedall fourth

All this, naturally, has disappeared with the War, and, in addition to that, the present generation of the Royal Family knows little or nothing of its foreign relatives. The four years of War divided them just at the age when in former times they would have been making the acquaintance of cousins and second cousins, and probably forming friendships. So now there is no "family" inducement for the Prince of Wales, his brothers, and Princess Mary to go abroad.

"All English"

Until the War the Queen used to go every year to Neu-Strelitz to visit her aunt, the aged Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the sister of the Duke of Cambridge and the Duchess of Teck.

Shortly after one of these visits a friend of mine went to see the Grand Duchess, who had visited England regularly every year until she was too old to travel. She always stayed at her house—Mecklenburg House—at the top of Buckingham Gate, overlooking the parade ground of the Wellington Barracks.

In taking my friend over the palace at Neu-Strelitz the Grand Duchess showed her two rooms which had just been redecorated and refurnished.

"Everything in these rooms is English," she said proudly; "nothing, *nothing* German!"

Romance

The man who bought back the family house and the family acres after a lifetime, or perhaps a generation or two of alienation, used to be a favourite subject with lady novelists. And, like many things in novels, it does happen sometimes in real life.

A case in point is Scarisbrick Hall, near Ormskirk, in Lancashire, which, after belonging to the Scarisbricks for centuries, went to other owners. Until about three years ago it belonged to the Marquis de Casteja, a Spanish marquis whose mother was a Scarisbrick. Then it was bought by Sir Talbot Scarisbrick, and so has returned to the ancient family which originally built the house.

Sir Talbot, who has been a Member of Parliament and Mayor of Southport, was created a baronet seventeen years ago.

Another case was Battle Abbey, near Hastings, which once belonged to the Websters. It had to be sold, and for many years was occupied by the late Duke of Cleveland, and after his death by the late Duchess, Lord Rosebery's mother. I forget the length of time during which Battle Abbey was held by strangers, but my recollection is that it was during the lifetimes of three Websters. At any rate, after the death of the Duchess of Cleve-

Topical

THE WINNING SMILE

Mrs. McKinnon, who won the Ladies' Race at the Kimble Point-to-Point Meeting on Mr. O. Blount's "Leslie C," photographed after the race

L. N. A.

A LINE FROM THE SHIRES

Followers of the Thorpe Satchville Beagles line up at a recent meet of the pack at Bulwick Park, the residence of Mrs. Conant, near Uppingham

PICTORIAL POINTS AT SONNING

Riders and onlookers at the Berks and Bucks Staghounds Point-to-Point Meeting at Sonning.

Sport & General

MR. GOMER BERRY (left), MRS. READ, MRS. MARGETTS, LT.-COM. PITT PALMER AND MR. MARGETTS

Alfieri

THE HON. LADY SALMOND (left), AND HER SISTER, THE HON. IMOGEN GRENFELL

SIR HERBERT CAYZER (left), MAJOR ERSKINE BATTYE, MR. WALTER FRYER, MRS. BATTYE AND MISS HOPE

Alfieri

MISS P. M. TAYLOR

L. N. A.

THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD

land a Webster bought it back again. There was always said to be a curse on that family in connection with Battle Abbey. Be that as it may, a terrible tragedy occurred, the owner's wife being drowned in the bathing pool in the grounds whilst trying to save her daughter, who had got into difficulties. The place was again sold, and, I believe, like so many of our big country houses, is now a girls' school.

Two Ancient Families

THE marriage of the Hon. T. W. A. Frankland, the heir to the Zouche barony, to Miss Judith Leveson-Gower, whose engagement has just been announced, will unite two ancient families. The Zouches date back in an unbroken line to the thirteenth century; the Leveson-Gowers to the twelfth.

Mr. Frankland is the son of Lady Zouche—the title descends in the female as well as the male line—and Sir Frederick Frankland. Miss Judith Leveson-Gower is the daughter of the Rev. Frederick Leveson-Gower, whose eldest brother has Titsey Place, near Limpsfield, which once belonged to Sir Thomas Gresham, the Lord Mayor of London, who was famous for his princely entertainment of Queen Elizabeth.

Although the Leveson-Gowers of Titsey are collaterals of the Duke of Sutherland, they are in no way connected with the Sutherland dukedom. They are descended from the first Earl Gower, whose grandson was created first Duke of Sutherland after his marriage to Elizabeth Countess of Sutherland in her own right.

The Zouches had lived at Parham, in Sussex, for generations, but a few years ago Lady Zouche sold the beautiful old house, which stands in a fine park, with the parish church a stone's throw in front of the window to Lord Cowdray, who gave it to his second son, the Hon. Clive Pearson.

Lord Cowdray's family, after Lord Leconfield, must now be one of the biggest landowners in Sussex. Lord Cowdray himself has Paddockhurst, near Worth, and a house near

Lenare

MOUNTED INFANT-RY

The Marchioness of Titchfield stands by to lend a protecting hand to her daughter, Lady "Peggy" Cavendish-Bentinck, during a little exercise in the Row

East Grinstead; his eldest son, the Hon. Harold Pearson, has Cowdray Park at Midhurst, with its interesting old ruins and excellent polo ground; the Hon. Clive Pearson has Parham; and Lord Denman, Lord Cowdray's son-in-law, has Balcombe Place in the same county.

The Late Duke d'Orleans

PHYSICALLY, the late Duke d'Orleans conveyed the romance of a king without a throne. His tall, athletic figure, his blonde beard and piercing blue eyes, suggested the distinction with which he would have borne himself at his Court, but his personality was not *sympathetique*.

Heirs to Aspirations

THE newspapers, even the best informed, have announced that the heir to the Orleanist aspirations to the throne of France is the Duke de Montpensier, the Duke of Orleans' younger brother. But the Duke de Montpensier died two years ago! The heir is the Duke de Guise, who married the Duke's sister, Princess Isabelle of Orleans, at Twickenham some twenty-seven years ago. This succession to the headship of the Bourbon-Orleans family may mean that the Duke and Duchess de Guise may have to give up their pleasant *château* in the Aisne province unless the Duke renounces his pretensions to be monarch of France.

The Duke de Montpensier was a most interesting man. He was one of the many princes who refused the throne of Albania when it was being hawked round Europe in 1913. He had served as an officer in the Spanish Navy and had spent many years in Annam, where he built himself a fantastic Eastern palace.

The Duke de Montpensier always contended that no man should marry until he was thirty-five. He himself was thirty-seven when he married the daughter of a Spanish nobleman. Dying shortly after the marriage, he left his wife the Château de Randan in the Puy de Dome, which in turn had been left to him by his mother, the Comtesse de Paris. You will remember it was burnt to the ground some little time ago with irreparable loss to the Orleans family in the way of documents, armour, and family relics.

Regal Haughtiness

THE late Duke d'Orleans died at Palermo in the house left him by his uncle the Duke d'Aumale. The same uncle also left him Wood Norton near Evesham in Worcestershire, where he lived in regal state with all the etiquette of a Court. But neither in Sicily nor in Worcestershire did the late Duke enjoy the same regard and popularity as his uncle. At Wood Norton, when the country folk called upon him and left their cards after he succeeded to the property, they were haughtily informed by a note from a gentleman-in-waiting that when the King of France desired their presence they would receive the royal summons. Consequently, there was not much regret when the Duke sold the property to the late Lord Swinfen, after declaring he would have the house demolished if it did not find a purchaser.

Photo Press

IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

The Hon. William Holmes a'Court, son and heir of Lord Heytesbury, with his fiancée, Miss Beryl Crawford, youngest daughter of Mr. A. E. B. Crawford, D.C.L., LL.D., and Mrs. Crawford. The photograph was taken in the grounds of Miss Crawford's home, Aston Clinton House

Bertram Park

MISS HELENA McCULLUM

The daughter of the late Colonel Sir Henry McCullum, G.C.M.G., and Lady McCullum. Her engagement to Mr. Henniker-Heaton, son of the late Sir John Henniker-Heaton, was recently announced. Her fiancé is Colonial Secretary in Bermuda

In a Kentish Garden

Miss Compton Collier

THE HON. KATHLEEN BROWNE

A photograph of the only daughter of Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne, taken at Mereworth Castle, her father's Kentish seat. Lord Oranmore and Browne was elected a Senator for Southern Ireland in 1922

"The Riviera week by week."

THE approach of Easter is not heralded by the warmer and more Springlike weather on the Riviera, for the whole winter has been so mild and genial that a rise of a few points in the thermometer is hardly noticed, but by the sudden wholesale display of Easter eggs in the shop-windows. The poultry world would look with astonishment on the amazing variety of eggs produced by the local confectioners, for this kind of work is a local speciality, and has reached a standard of skill only comparable to that of the fruit preservers of Grasse and Cannes, who are famous.

LARGE numbers of visitors who have been here since the late autumn have left for the north, but their places are rapidly taken by fresh arrivals, who know how delightful the Spring days are on the Côte d'Azur. The Easter holidays always bring southward many of the younger generation, who welcome the school and college vacation and can have a better time in this climate than they could hope for at any English resorts at this time of the year, to say nothing of the chance of airing whatever knowledge of French they think they have acquired.

THE tennis tournament at the Cannes Tennis Club was a brilliant success until the last day, when, to the surprise of all concerned, it rained. It was cordially welcomed by the gardeners and farmers, but quite upset the arrangement of the enormous crowd who had reserved seats to be present at what was understood to be the last appearance on the Riviera this season of the famous and popular Miss Helen Wills. As I write she has yet to fight her last contest with Miss Joan Ridley in the final of the ladies' singles; while the Beau-Site tournament has not commenced, and it is doubtful if she will remain any longer, as she is anxious to go for a sight-seeing tour in Italy. It has been quite refreshing to meet a tennis champion who is keenly interested in many other things besides tennis, for it must reluctantly be admitted that the conversation of many of the players who spend their winters here is strictly and almost monotonously confined to the one subject.

AN event to which we are all looking forward with keen anticipation is the Fête Champêtre, which is to take place in the beautiful grounds of Colonel and Madame Jacques Balsan's château on the cliffs of romantic Eze on April 6. The proceeds will be given to the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital at Nice, and among those who have promised their patronage are the Duke of Connaught, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, and Princess Beatrice.

THE Grand Bal de Printemps in the Salle de Musique at the Casino the other night was a very brilliant affair, and the floral decorations were greatly admired. The next event of the kind is to be the third Bal Fleuri, which will take place in the Opera House, followed by a supper and a Fête de Nuit in the Atrium, sumptuously decorated for the occasion. Seats are already at a premium, so the reputation of Monte Carlo for luxury and gaiety will be well upheld.

Speaight

PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ OF BELGIUM

Who is one of the most popular young Princesses in Europe. Her engagement to the Prince of Piedmont has again been unofficially reported—and officially denied

VISCOUNT JELLICOE, who seems to be in excellent form and who has been playing golf a good deal at Mont Agel, is often to be seen on the terraces or in the town with Lady Jellicoe, and they were the principal guests a few days ago at a luncheon given by Admiral and Mrs. Niblack, others present being General de Tinan, Sir Harry Livesey—on whose yacht Lord and Lady Jellicoe are staying—Mrs. Dwight Harris, of the Villa Mirasol at Cap d'Ail, Mrs. Sydney Cloman, from Cannes, and Captain Rigal.

AT Nice the sailing regatta has attracted large crowds to the Promenade des Anglais, and several English yachtsmen have been distinguishing themselves in the contests, Sir Arthur Paget, Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis, and Captain Leslie Richardson being among the successful ones. At the golf club, where the greens are in the best condition possible, players have been more numerous than ever, and the competition for the open challenge cup was keenly contested. The winner was Sir Alfred Mays-Smith, a leading man in the motor industry, now staying in Cannes, who made the fine score of 73+72=145, which equals the record of Major Blandford last season Major Blandford was second, only one point behind, while Major Poynton, who distinguished himself during the war in the Royal Air Force, distinguished himself again, but on *terra firma*, by doing the best round in 71.

ST. RAPHAEL is supporting wholeheartedly the Grand Casino, which re-opened recently and forms the social as well as the geographical centre of the town. At the gala dinners they have first-rate turns by dancers and other artistes who have already appeared at Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo, and the future of this up-to-date establishment seems assured. Golfers are numerous at Valescure, which offers special attractions of its own, and the various hotels are still well filled. Admiral and Mrs. Barton, who have been here for a few weeks since leaving Cannes, are returning to London early next month.

HYERES is one of the few spots in the South of France where the old-fashioned, but pleasant game of croquet still has its followers, and at the croquet tournament at Costebelle there were no fewer than 111 entries for the various competitions. The Hope Challenge Cup was won by Mr. Windsor Richards. The Costebelle Hotels presented a prize for a golf contest, which attracted 34 entries, and the winner was Miss E. B. Craigie, the second being Mr. F. O. Bownas.

THE congestion on the south-bound trains is now not nearly so bad as it was a few weeks ago, and anyone thinking of a visit to the land of sunshine need not fear the journey in the least. Spring is the best time of all on the Riviera. DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

The Scene of Longfellow's Poem

Photographs *Anderson*

"WHERE THE SUN IS TRULY KING
Crowned in the vast untrammelled firmament,
Sole Monarch of this Paradise,
Amalfi in the Spring"

One of the beauty spots of Italy, Amalfi lies on the coast between Sorrento and Salerno

Produced March 16th, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a joyous entertainment that I recall with the liveliest delight. I have seen attempts to analyse its humour, and to dissect its psychology; but with a play of this light and airy nature such a stern proceeding is too much like breaking a butterfly on the wheel. For the most part, the play is irresponsibly frivolous and entirely illogical, and for that much, at least, I give grateful thanks. Here and there, it is true, the dialogue is of a quite primitive kind, but, as the old song taught us, it is not so much the thing they say as the amusing way they say it. A brilliant company keeps the house crackling with laughter like the explosion of a series of Chinese squibs; and that is all the concern we have in the matter. I am one of those very ordinary people who can laugh heartily without the least desire to know the precise nature of the chemical change in my system involved by the spasmodic outbreak. And so, I think, say most of us!

WE have first of all the conventional household of Mr. and Mrs. Lennox, who claim to belong to the "best people." How far their claim is justified is beside the question. It is necessary to assume their exalted condition in order to widen the dramatic contrast between them and the "lower orders" of the play. Mr. Lennox is a prosperous lawyer, and his wife is a hysterical lady who breaks down before every minor disaster, tearfully proclaiming that she "can't bear it." Miss Henrietta Watson handles this difficult part with triumphant dexterity. There is just enough of her extravagant grief to indicate that it is quite uncalled for, and each outburst gets its legitimate laugh. Then there is Marion Lennox, the daughter of the house (excellently played by Miss Nora Swinburne). This young lady is entirely modern, so that when her father, fresh from the hands of an over-assiduous barber, comes into the room with the perfume of scented hairwash still upon him, she does not hesitate to express her opinion that he "smells immoral." It would seem from this that a visit to the barber is nowadays as difficult to explain away as the hairpin which you pull out of your pocket with your handkerchief, and which so obviously fell from the *coiffure* of the lady who sat beside you in the omnibus.

MRS. LENNOX, with comfortable mid-Victorian assurance, has already arranged Marion's future. The young man is Lord Rockmere, another of Mr. Kenneth Kove's amusing studies of laughable insipidity. It happens, however, naturally enough, that Marion has chosen for herself, her choice falling upon her father's chauffeur, Henry Masters (Mr. Ian Hunter). Lord Rockmere is a weedy youth, while the chauffeur is a sturdy young man of manifest vigour and commanding presence. There are some who claim that the caprice of the eternal feminine is inscrutable; but, sometimes, I think perhaps not. I have heard elderly ladies say that they don't know what the girls of to-day are coming to; but I expect they put in quite a lot of time guessing.

THEN there is another trouble in the Lennox household. Bertie, the son of the house, not only drinks too much, but has become infatuated with a chorus girl, and firmly declares his resolve to marry her. Mr. Lennox (a nicely dignified performance by Mr. C. V. France), with the caution of the experienced lawyer, expresses no opinion on his son's project for the moment. He merely asks for time to think over the matter. And while he is thinking, Uncle George (a droll performance by Mr. Frederick Volpé) happens along. Uncle George is a comfortably developed old gentleman (especially in the region of the waistcoat), and he is a fierce upholder of the highest traditions of the "best people." He has heard of young Bertie's proposed lapse from grace, and he has at once butted in where angels (and even less discriminating beings) may well have feared to tread. In brief, he has arranged that he and Mr. Lennox shall sup with Bertie's chorus girl that very night, and offer her a substantial cheque to go away and love somebody else at current rates.

So far the fun, as expressed by the talented company, has been merely lighthearted; but with the second act it comes with a noisy rock. The scene is a private room in a Cabaret Night Club in London. Alice, the chorus girl in question, has found a *chaperone* in her friend Millie; but before the gentlemen arrive, Bertie hurries into the room and leads his girl away, forbidding her to take part in what he regards as the improper proceeding of supping with two strange men. Millie, therefore, has the field to herself. This part is played by Miss Olga Lindo, who simply overwhelms the house with her dominating personality. Millie is a young lady who, from an apparently varied experience, knows the ways of supping men. As soon as the gentlemen arrive she is, as you might say, all over them. She affects to be drawn more particularly towards Uncle George, who is shocked to find that the social distinction he claims for himself cuts no ice with the effervescent Millie.

Millie leans her head on his shoulder, to his obvious disgust, and says she has decided to call him "Harry"; and this she does for the rest of the diverting piece. Without being aware of the identity of her entertainers, she talks freely of Bertie and of his frumpy old father, and his "bum" uncle. Uncle George writhes visibly under this disturbing visitation, and his real horror at every fresh attempt Millie makes to embrace him, sends the house into shouts of laughter. When Millie learns that her "Harry" is a capitalist, she clings to him all the more, protesting that she adores capital. Miss Lindo carries the scene along with a whole-hearted swing, and at the end of the act she takes a "call" by herself, which, I suppose, is a graceful tribute to her art by the other distinguished members of the company.

The second scene of the second act shows us another private supper room where Marion is entertaining her chauffeur friend, and is incidentally asking him to marry her at once. She says it is the first time she has proposed to a man, and the only comment to be made on that statement is that she seems to have learned the ropes with gratifying rapidity. In the third act we are back in the Lennox home, where Millie turns up again, and again dominates the scene. She refers to the fact that "Harry" gave her twenty pounds in the cabaret, an incident that could hardly have escaped us, since she made such a brave show of stuffing the note given her into the top of a very high stocking. She says she has a very fair idea of what the money was given to her for, but wishes it to be distinctly understood that she didn't deliver the goods.

Mabel Robey

A TIMELY WARNING

Millie (Olga Lindo), who presumably is something of an authority, treats Marion Lennox (Nora Swinburne) to a little homily on the perils of excessive smoking.

It then transpires that the chorus girl, Alice (daintily represented by Miss Maisie Darrell), whom Bertie proposes to marry, is a young lady of pious associations, whose chief aim is to wean Bertie from the toils of the demon Drink; while the chauffeur steps forward and proves himself to be the kind of cave-man capable of dominating Marion's wayward spirit. The rich fun is kept up to the last, and the success of the production would seem to be generously assured.

JINGLE.

APRIL is a maiden, sweet and slender ;
She has pouting lips and dancing eyes.
Sometimes she is cold and sometimes tender,
Smiling through her tears, and 'twixt her sighs.
Without wishing to be curt,
Or to hurt,
I should say that she's a flirt.
Yes, a shocking little flirt.

April is a lady—should you woo her,
She would smile upon you by the golden hour,
Then, as you were thinking that you really knew her,
She would damp your ardour with a shower.
She's as subtle as the Sphinx—
Then she winks.
And I fear that she's a minx.
Yes, a proper little minx.

When daffodils were nodding, I have met her,
A dancing little child of tender age ;
Then something would happen to upset her
And she'd fly upon me in a rage.
I can only tell you flat—
And that's that—
She can sometimes be a cat—
Pretty pussy, but a cat.

But it's never long that she keeps on frowning.
For the skies of her eyes are blue ;
Crocuses, all gold, her bright hair are crowning :
She'll smile again on you.
So to me it's pretty clear,
When she's near,
That she is a perfect dear.
Yes, undoubtedly a dear.

A. A. T.

Sketches by Leo Cheney

BY S. TRESILIAN

THE DEFEAT OF CUPID

"O RADIANT

Our artist's impression of a dinn

IANT NIGHT!"

a dinner *al fresco* in modern Venice

BY BLAM

PAN

BY LAURIE TAYLER

A BOOK, A PLAY AND A MAN OF TO-DAY

BY REGINALD ARKELL

ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

"THE SWEET SCIENCE"

(*By Trevor C. Wignall*)

DEAR Wignall, everybody knows
That boxers rarely come to blows.
They talk a lot—They run away.
They live to fight another day,
And when that other day comes round,
Those boxers simply can't be found.

Yet, in this book of fighting men,
Your polished and prolific pen
Traces the history of the Ring
With such inimitable swing,
That, when I went to bed last night,
I dreamt that I was down to fight
Jack Dempsey at the N.S.C.
I saw the champion rush at me ;
I raised myself upon my toes,
I hit the champion on the nose—
And then, that guy
Just heaved one sigh,
And, as he settled down to die,
I dreamt I heard Gene Corri say :
" Take Mr. Dempsey's corpse away—
" It can't fight any more to-day ! "

And this is what I wish to say
Before I put your book away :
If your imperishable prose
Rouses the latent fire in me
Until the one desire of me
Is just to hit a champion on the nose—
(To knock him into fits,
And carve his solar plexus into bits)—
Why shouldn't your enthusiasm start
A real revival in the noble art ;
Shaming those "fighters" of the present day
Who never fight, but always run away :
Until, at last, the splendid truth is known
That we have got a champion of our own ?

MR. JOHN FITZPATRICK

(*Who has heard that girls even smoke cigarettes !*)

Quite true,
They do ;
And I'm inclined
To say with you :
" What be the world
" A-coming to ? "

If things goes on
As they be going,
I tells 'ee, John,
There be no knowing
But what the time
Be nearly ripe
For they to start
To smoke a pipe !
And if suppose
As they won't drop it,
What shall us do
To make um stop it ?

"MARY ROSE"

THERE'S a little girl called *Mary Rose,*
She hears voices calling, and off she goes.
When those voices call,
She steals away,
And we seek her
By night and day

Mary Rose ! Mary Rose,
No one ever finds out where she goes.
Why do they haunt her ?
Why do they want her ?
Why leave us ? Why grieve us ?
Her death does not relieve us !
Mary Rose ! Mary Rose !
Why should you be adding to our woes ?
Our tears they fall for you like rain.
Hark ! They are calling you again !
Mary Rose ! Mary Rose !
What's the matter, Mary Rose !

Should you like to know why *Mary Rose*
Creeps away so softly on her toes ?
Why she follows her
Elusive track.
Why she goes
And won't come back ?

Mary Rose ! Mary Rose !
Listen, and I'll tell you where she goes !
I have been told that
She has a small flat
And she goes
To Ciro's
With all her latest heroes.
Mary Rose ! Mary Rose !
I have heard the facts from one who knows.

Now she wears undies
Made of silk,
Comes home on Sundays
With the milk.
Mary Rose ! Mary Rose !
Naughty, naughty Mary Rose !

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

It appears now to be a legal fact that a girl may "keep the ring." But not yet, thank Heaven, at the National Sporting Club.

. . . . .

The Italian Government is said to be thinking of changing the names of Italian volcanoes. Signor Mussolini, forward!

. . . . .

Cricket experts unanimously declare that, whatever England may do, Lady Cathcart will never bring back the "Ashes."

. . . . .

The Parcels Post innovation deserves all success; but we trust that the C.O.D. development won't turn out to be all cod.

. . . . .

A heavyweight boxer has been knocked out in the third round. To punish him for his poor display, we hope he was made to stand one round all round.

. . . . .

It is to be hoped that Mr. Henry Ainley, who did not have too great a success with *Much Ado About Nothing*, will have better fortune with his new Sheikh-spear production.

. . . . .

We regret to learn that a workman in a gunpowder factory, who asked for a rise, got it that same afternoon owing to a defective fuse.

. . . .

"Phyllis was wearing Jack's overcoat in the car."

"Indeed. I also thought she was rather wrapt up in him."

With Acknowledgments to Mr. Mitchell Banks.

When first I went on th' electoral stump,
I called my opponent a lolloping lump;
But next time I know what will give him the hump:—
I shall call him an old "psychological frump!"

. . . . . .

Wanted:—The name and address of an anonymous correspondent who wrote to us to say that he had written an Easter eggshellent poem.

. . . . . .

The Season.

(*After dinner and less after Browning.*)

He: *Come on; have a fling,*
Don't look so forlorn.
Dance on; you are Heaven,
Be-diamonded, pearled.

She: *Right ho, but Old Thing,*
You've trod on my corn!
We'll "have one" at seven—
All's right with the whirled!

Careers for Boys.

We append below some useful hints for parents:—

. . . .

If he shows an early predilection for the pantry, make him a confectioner. That's money for jam.

. . . .

If he has a way of making light of things, by all means make him an electrician.

. . . .

If he has acquired the habit of lolling about with his feet up, he is suitable for any Government appointment.

. . . .

If his understanding is good, apprentice him to a bootmaker.

. . . .

If he is always running people down, let him take up the motoring business.

. . . .

If he can be both mild and bitter, a publican's life is indicated.

. . . .

Careers for Girls.

Should she feel "an urgent call," put serious Susan in a Telephone Exchange.

. . . .

If she's interested in drugs, send her to a Dispenser. He'll dispense with her.

. . . .

If she declares she dislikes publicity, she has the first requisite of a film star.

. . . .

If she's always nursing a grievance, let her take up hospital work.

. . . .

If she has a passion for jumpers, she ought to give riding lessons.

. . . .

If she's a flapper and fishes for compliments, be sure that she has a good smack.

. . . .

From a criticism of a musical comedy: — "The small port ladies were excellent." If they were so good, why didn't the management stand 'em a large one apiece?

. . . .

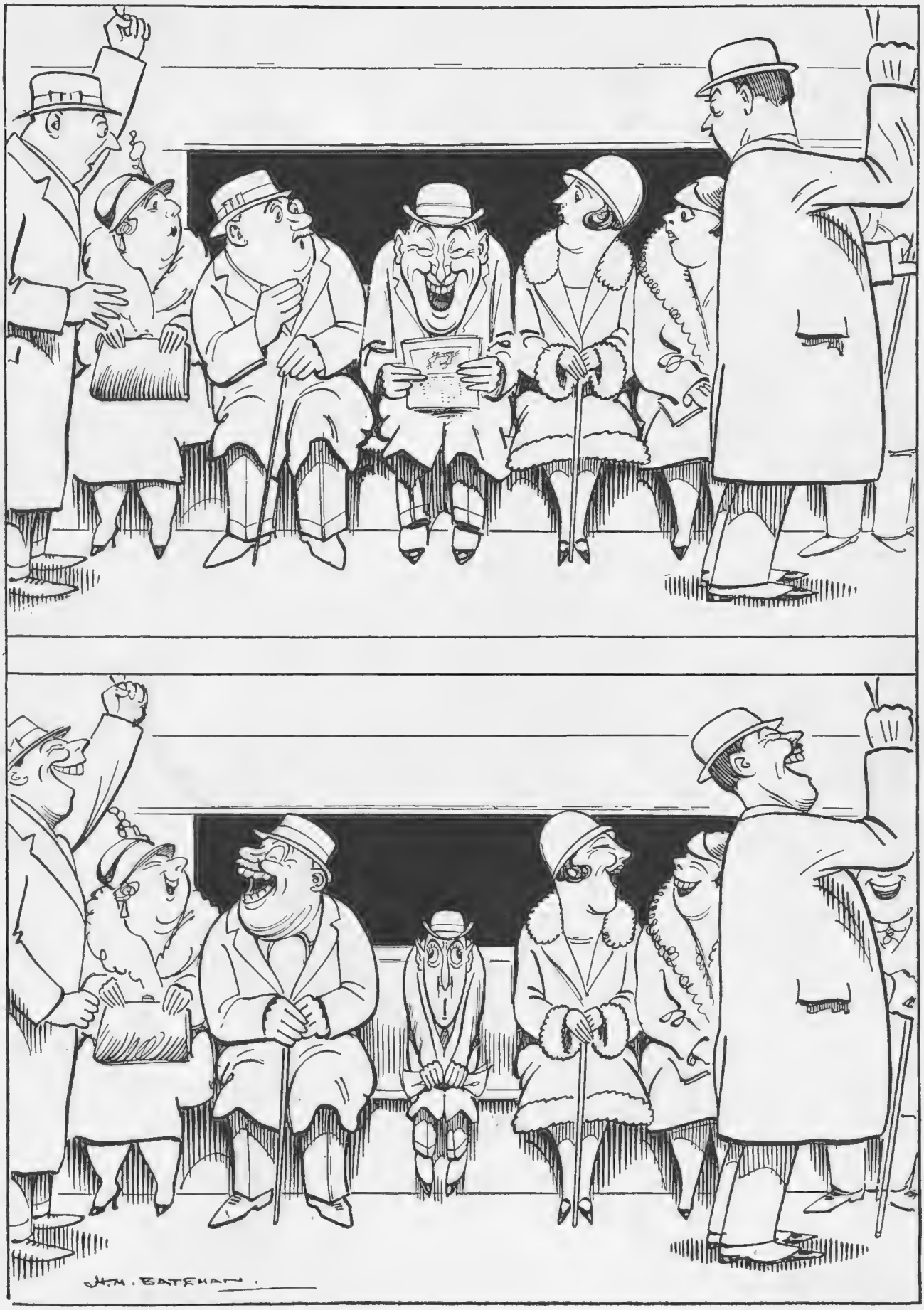
"Are modern girls more nervy than their grandmothers?" asks a contemporary. Well, if those grannies had more "nerve" than the present young 'uns, they must have been "some" goers.

By H. O. Batho

THE LOST WORD

First A.B.: "Why ain't there no writin' on that letter you got, Bill?"
Second: "Y'see it's like this, mate. Me and my missus ain't speakin'!"

The Share-Out



BY H. M. BATEMAN

THE TRAGIC STORY OF THE MAN WHOSE LAUGH PROVED A LITTLE TOO INFECTIOUS

A Foot High!

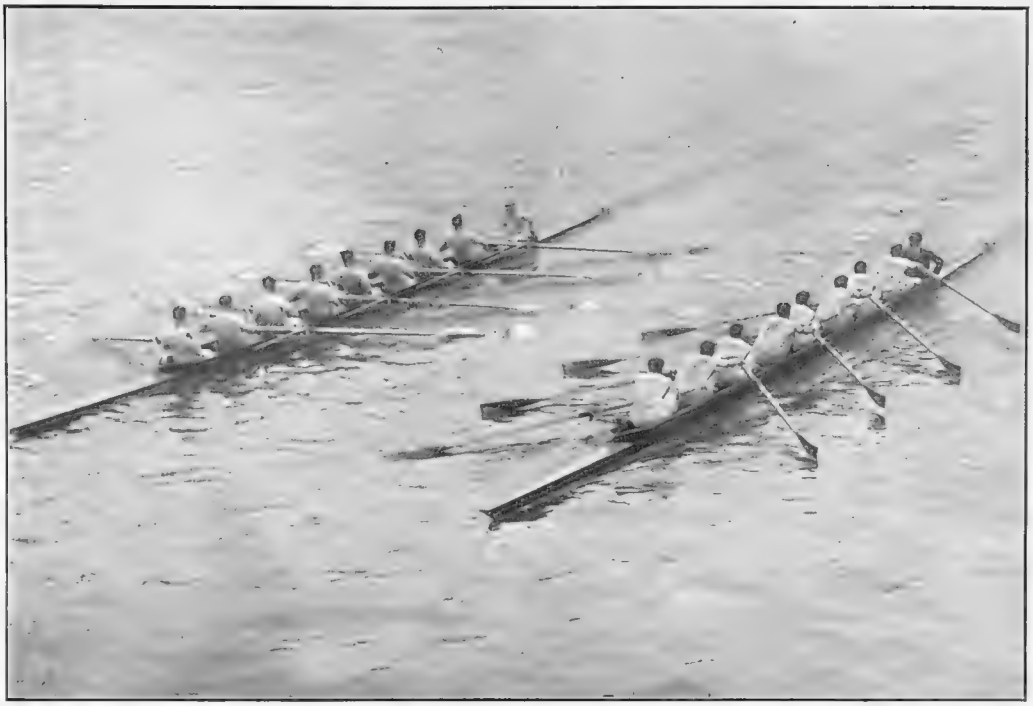
Raeburn

MISS JUNE PELTON

Who is appearing in "No No Nanette" at the Palace, demonstrates the attractions of keeping one's end up.

THE BOAT RACE
—FROM THE BACK

By DELL LEIGH



G. P. U.

NECK-AND-NECK

The two crews racing side by side as they approached Hammersmith Bridge. It was soon after this point that Oxford "cracked" and Cambridge went ahead to win by five lengths

I AM sitting, dignified and aloof, on the red velvet cushions of a rakish-looking launch out in the stream at Putney, bang opposite the crews' boat-houses. We are actually moored alongside "Enchantress," the Umpire's launch. We are, in fact, *the goods* to-day. The time is 11.10 a.m. This is an unassailable position. God bless the man who wangled this for me. The sun shines. The crowds jostle each other on the towpaths. Sorry about them. They will only see the thing for a minute, whereas I——. There is a glint of Cambridge blazer waving here and there on the boat-house balcony among the very privileged and beautiful boat-house ladies. These girls ought to sell their tickets overnight to other girls at a fat premium. There is money in it. Think I shall go ashore again for a closer inspection of the—er—boat-house blazers. Rather boring out here. Can't get any of these infernal watermen with skiffs for hire to take any notice of my beckonings. Have always definitely disliked the Thames-side waterman.

The Oxford cox takes to the water in a launch full of grave gentlemen with crossed oars on their dark blue caps. Their caps seem to have shrunk rather badly. Or perhaps their heads to-day —— ? One never knows, does one? The launch fusses them away up stream (or is it down tide? must ask one of them), so that the Oxford cox can see if winning post is in the same place as usual . . . Piratical-looking launch slinks into our moorings with lots of little light blue caps on more large heads, and the Cambridge cox at the wheel. Cox's face betokens placid satisfaction at having seen no crabs over entire length of course . . . Deuce of a lot of enormous and vulgarly crowded craft sliding by on the tide. Assume river police have made adequate arrangements about all these people at the other end, and that there won't be an annoying traffic block?

Solemn and detached gentlemen carrying heavy stop-watches have boarded my —our launch. Also some obvious drones. Also an Oxford Man-ner. Oxford Manner very important person, evidently. Must be, because his crossed-oared cap has shrunk to practically nothing: and he has taken most of my seat in the bows.

There is a man in our launch wearing a Hawks tie. The Manner fixes him with an eye like one of Ethel M. Dell's eagles. Brisk badinage follows between Eagle and Hawk. It is all about rowing, and the two Universities. Glad I came to-day. Am learning heaps. The Manner lays it down (we must take this as one of the FACTS of life) that the Oxford boat "runs better between the strokes." Good. Shall write home about this. Also that Oxford caught a crab on Friday (the only one left) "merely as a gentlemanly gesture, to show that crabs don't matter." My hat, what perfect Sahibs!

Hawk, having looked surreptitiously in some Blue Book, sets a snare. Inquires the greatest distance a 'Varsity boat has covered between the strokes. The Manner replies "Twenty-one feet," with the air of a Vice-Chancellor. Adds, "Of course we know these things at Oxford." Impressive pause. Gentleman on my left, who has not dared to open his mouth yet, but wants to, fidgets uncomfortably. No use fidgeting against Fate. But feel my governor has let me down rather badly in not having sent me to—they're off!

At least, I *think* they're off. The Manner is a large man, despite his cap. He has said we may none of us stand. Hearing is obeying. Anyway, he is counting the strokes in a sonorous voice. That's something . . . Some of him has shifted a bit to starb'd. Splendid! Can see both crews perfectly now. Thirty yards off. . . .

We skim along a lane flanked by the yelling thousands. "P-l-o-gg . . . . P-l-ogg" go the two boats ahead. Side by side, blade tip almost to blade tip. There is nothing in it, surely? Is one in front? Is the other? I see merely the light blue and dark blue backs of the two coxes jerked forward with monotonous regularity at the catch of each staccato stroke: a white froth of blade-turned water: hear a roar of shouting, whistles blowing—and above the din of it, and the tenseness, the calm voices of two men near me in our launch checking the strokes against watches in their open palms. "Twenty-seven . . . twenty-eight . . . twenty-nine "—"No. 5 has cracked"! Five?—Five? Which Five?—where? By Gad! so he has! . . . Poor devil! His face is ghastly. Rathbone, at 4, has just pushed him along his slide with his outside hand. He is rowing lifelessly. All the beautiful swing and *élan* of the Oxford boat has gone. They plug on grimly, pulling 13 stone 5 of desperately agonised passenger amidships, who moves with them mechanically, subconsciously, holding on gamely to himself, and that is all. And Cambridge creeps away into the haze ahead, and ahead. . . .

"Too heavy for his age" booms the Manner, as presently we churn our way back through the wash and commotion of craft. It seemed a short course while drama gripped us. Now—during the dreary epilogue, it seems a long way home. "I remember once, when I was Up. . . ."

Aye, a very long way home. . . .

"Cry in the arms of the nearest peeler"

ROUND THE CORNER

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *April* 5.

DEAR COUSIN—

JUST now and at this very moment sort of arrived and embarked on, haven't we, one of *the* very most fascinating and alluring stages of things—for such as follow the mere social round that is, and eke for the mere ordinary common or Kensington Gardens variety of humans, who just get their successive heart-throbs in the pit instead of stalls, so to speak. Even as when the butterfly . . . an alleged devastating insect that *I'm* always only too glad to meet, seeing what he, or is it she, means in the way of at least occasional sunshine and so on, but that's by the way. Pass butterfly and all's well.

卐

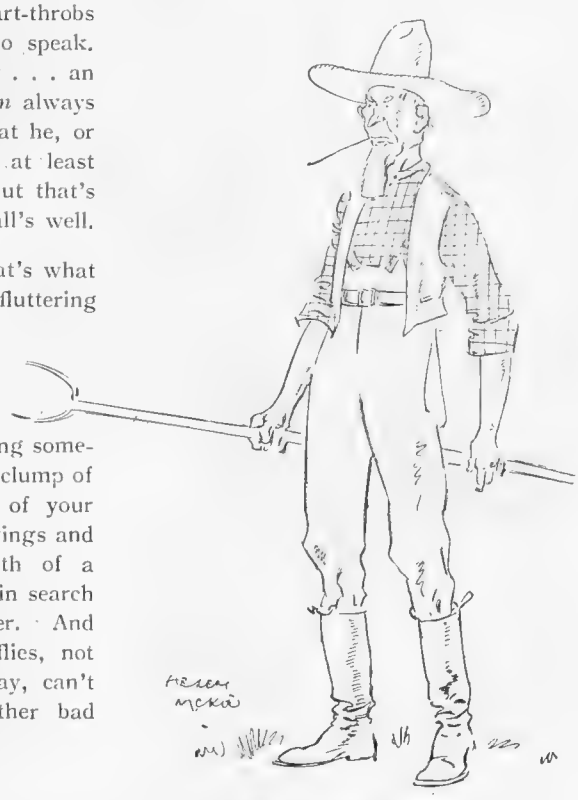
BUT before passing on, and that's what I mean, aforesaid flimsy fluttering whatnot (who's always had a terrible time being held up as a sort of horrid example, poor soul, hasn't she or he?) has a most delightful way of just alighting somewhere on some spot, a flower or a clump of thyme, or just p'raps the back of your hand, and calmly folding up its wings and thinking for about an eighteenth of a second before it pushes off again in search of adventure round the corner. And though not knowing any butterflies, not really intimately as you might say, can't help feeling it's not an altogether bad moment in their lives, ere

Forth they fare,
The Lord knows where. . . .

as one of the very latter-day poets hath put it.

卐

ROUND the corner anyway, and who knows what might or mightn't happen there? Might even be, Oh happy and entrancing thought, something in the Sheikh line, and no one I don't think could say no more brilliantly fairer nor that. Especially if they happen to have seen *darling* Mr. Henry Ainley bring a perfectly entrancing Arab potentate in *Prince Fazil* at the New, complete with white burnous, or whatever they call it, to set off his simply beautiful profile (*what* a pity actors will go and marry, isn't it, and I don't think it ought to be allowed).



"Nasal-accented local colour"

卐

AND simply *dominating* almost equally enchanting Miss Madge Titheradge in nice Turkish trousers and nothing much else on but a couple of miniature dish-covers, or words to that effect, above the belt, as I suppose they'd say at the N.S.C. Though not in a fair wig again, please, dear Madge T., spite of fact that you can't help looking sweet whatever happens. No whips cracked, mind you, in a Dellish or Hullish or hellish-dullish manner, but he's got it across her proper all the same, and you can fair hear the gallery sob with upward intake of breath when we hear those significant words, "Every woman in love is a prisoner," not to mention equally solemn *mots* (which don't mean excessively much but sound so well) about how "Fate is decided by the quiver of a leaf."

卐

ALL for the jolly and thrilling Sheikh business I think I am, especially as the best Sheikhs apparently don't flog you and fling you in the dust and spurn your prostrate form with their heels *all* the time (which, of course, may be a disappointment to some), but seem to go about quite humanly in ordinary nice (though duller) evening clothes between whiles, and know perfectly well which kind of knife to use for dining purposes and not to eat olives with a fork. And oh! what perfectly lovely frocks you do appear to acquire if you happen to be a Sheikh-ess, Oriental *or* otherwise.

卐

THERE'S that round-the-corner idea, too, in *Beyond the Horizon*, the Eugene O'Neill play they've been giving at the Everyman about an American farm (I do hate American farms or, for the matter of that, any sort of nasal-accented local colour on the stage in the ordinary way, don't you, but E. O'N. is *toujours* the one exception). Always round the corner all the people in it are living all the time. There's the dreaming young man who wanted to voyage round the world, only the girl said she loved him, so he stayed home. There's the practical young man who was going to make the farm a helluva place, only the girl said she didn't love him, so he had to do the world-voyage instead. And they all kept an eye round the corner all the time—especially, of course, the girl who (to put it roughly) had messed up the whole blinking affair.

卐

ALL very sad this play is, you know, and I don't think plays ought to be *all* sad

—just a judicious mixture, as the saying goes. *E.g.* and *par exemple,* and now, dear Cousin, I really have a matter on hand whereof it doth give me some more or less quite unalloyed pleasure to speak. Just the matter of *Juno and the Paycock,* it is, as now played at the Fortune, which is quite a wonderful affair, as I think I've mentioned to you already, but what's so rather seductively surprising is that someone, no less than Lord Oxford to wit, has actually publicly said so, and even given the author thereof (the author, mind you, and not the producer or the principal star or the man who does the limelight effects) a whole perfectly good prize accompanied by a few kind words about this being a great work of art and so on.

卐

I DON'T know why, but somehow this positively *moved* me just a little tiny bit. Mr. Sean O'Casey, a lovely untidy genius who used to work on the docks, writing a play that really is a thing all by itself, and Lord Oxford, another great person who's seen and known everything, positively burying it, so to say, in the perfumed roses of his exquisite superlatives. Rather nice, I think, what?

"There is a meuvement"

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AND helps to make one smile, quietly and secretly, at the prospect of what might perhaps for all one knows be lurking, quite soonish or otherwise, around the corner. Oh! and that reminds me of what I suppose, according to ancient Victorian standards, would have been considered quite a bad, bad book, yet in spite of the rather obvious challenge is quite an amusing one — Captain Geoffrey Moss's *Whipped Cream.* You remember he wrote another thing called *Sweet Pepper* (shall omit the obvious remark here) that they made a play of—all about a young woman of excellent British birth who goes wrong in Hungary.

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ANOTHER of these frantically, innocently and irresponsibly wrong-doing young women in his latest effort there is, too, and, oh dear brethren and sisters, it is possibly quite possible to get just a shade tired of the type, *n'est-ce pas?* But rather nice things said in cause of aforesaid *historie* may conceivably be pleaded as excuse. Ergo about a certain great literary light who knows everyone and goes everywhere, and who's "descended from a long line of maiden aunts," also bred in a cellar and raised on pickles. "One is Cheyngeng," says he. "There is a meuvement". . . and so on, and speaks with delightful scorn about "Chhellsea." A real person, of course, but who—I wonder?

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WHAT a good thing it really is, isn't it, that Mr. Gilbert Frankau has gone out to the U.S. to tell the world all about our greatness, or they might, in that great and pure country, positively begin to think we were not altogether so Victorianly virtuous as it's always been our (very tactful) pose to be. But Mr. Frankau, with those blue eyes of his and the disarmingly open charms of the only apparently honest best seller I've met yet (said she bluntly) will doubtless explain to the low-brows of Vermont (no connection with Vermouth) and elsewhere that we're not so bad even as he (in reckless moments and when a chapter needs a sensational finish) some times paints us.

THOUGH America in her own drama, come to think of it, hasn't done so awfully bad. As for instance, Olga Lindo in that sweet show *The Best People,* who goes about being a real honest-to-goodness vamp and saying quite rather boldish things like "No man is a stranger to me who will buy me food," or "The purer the dress the faster I look," and even perhaps most intensively graphic of all—"I could love a loving man to-night, but gee how I could love a steak just now." A truly human woman Olga (I forget her stage name for the moment) and Nora of the same play hardly less so in her rather priceless remark to her mother—"Don't be county with me, I've seen you with your hair down."

卐

ISN'T that really rather nice and irresponsibly lovely—p'raps the Americans are not *quite* so stars-and-stripes as they're painted after all. But talking about these corners, there's a real pukka season just round the very next one I do believe. Actually, d'you know (said she surprisedly) the opening of the R.A.'s less than a month away—and I suppose it *will* open, spite of all the slightly rudish things the Hon. John, Collier by name, has been saying out of his mature experience about the "deliberate cult of ugliness" modern art students are going in for, and "degrading representations of the human form" that make him want to sit down and cry in the arms of the nearest watchman, or should I say peeler?

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

"No man is a stranger to me who will buy me food"

Youth to the Fore in

G. P. U.

A CLOSE FINISH

N. Franklin winning the open 100 yards race in the Westminster School Sports at Vincent Square. A. B. L. Murison was second

Special Press

HOME AGAIN

Miss Violet Cordery who has just returned from Italy, where with her team she set up a world's record by motoring 15,000 miles at an average speed of fifty-three and three-quarter miles per hour on the Monza track

I. B.

HANDSHAKES BEFORE THE MATCH

Members of the English XI being presented to Sir James Craig before the International Hockey Final at Belfast. England retained their championship, beating Ireland by 2 goals to 1

the World of Sport

Photographs

M. W. LLOYD OWEN TYING FOR FIRST PLACE IN THE SENIOR HIGH JUMP

L. H. COLLISON FINISHING FIRST IN THE RELAY RACE

Sport and General

A. P. POWELL WINNING THE SENIOR HURDLES

SOME WINNERS IN THE MILL HILL SCHOOL SPORTS

Sport and General

THE ORDEAL BY WATER

Competitors in the Senior Steeplechase at Bradfield College Sports navigating their way up the weir, which is a very popular obstacle—to the onlookers!

BREAKING A RECORD *Topical*

G. Shaw winning the Half Mile in the sports held at Trinity College, Glenalmond, Perthshire. He lowered the record for this race handsomely

THE RUGGER WORLD

THE FINAL CRASH

By "PENDARVES"

THE sun shines on a spring day between fitful April showers. For we are nearly into April on this day, and our beloved Rugger has reached its last great match. Fitting, therefore, that two fighting Services should supply the final vivid tableau to this season's panorama of Rugger pictures.

It was everybody's money that the Army would wallop the Air Force. For had they not wiped up the Navy? And had not the Navy brought the Air Force down in flames? Moreover, was not the Army side stiff with Internationals? Recent ones, too, not old stagers, like Lowe and Maxwell, both of whom had come back merely for the good of the Service. Dash it! the Army had got Rees, of Wales, Aslett and Young and Faithfull, of England: Clinch and Browne, of Ireland? The only thing that surprised me was that they hadn't got a few Scotch caps to make matters complete.

And the Air Force? Huh! that, of course, is where the catch is. There is usually a catch in it somewhere when the Royal Air Force goes into battle, as an erstwhile enemy found to its cost; as future enemies will find to their cost (damned expensive it will be for them, too), and as a fraternising Army found to its considerable astonishment at Twickenham.

The catch was contained largely in the physique ("largely" is a good word here) of the Air Force forwards. G. H. H. Maxwell, of Scotland, the public and the Army knew about. His weight has been felt before. Of Flying Officer Chichester, however, the Army had probably never heard. What some of them must have felt like when they caught sight of him wandering about the corridors by the dressing-rooms I can well imagine. Whenever he comes into the bar—I mean the room—I instinctively get behind somebody on the "Safety First" principle. You have seen Jack Dempsey? Well, there is the matter summed up in a sentence.

With people like Maxwell, Chichester, Wintour, Rose, and Chick in a bustling scrum I, for one, am "not playing." The Army played "Up, Guards, and at 'em," don't you know, and all that. But the Army, in spite of their ultimate, and, if I may say so, rather lucky score of 11 points to nil, were considerably rattled by these tremendous Air Force forwards. So much so that up to half-time (no score) the Army got distinctly the worst of it.

And then the inevitable happened—as had happened in the Oxford boat that morning—the heavyweights began to tire. As soon as they were tired then the Army began to swarm about their lines like wasps round a plum-and-apple jar.

To add further to the trouble, the Air Force skipper, John Russell, who, despite his adjectival denials of this to me, is not so young as he was a quarter of a century ago, tired also, visibly and dangerously.

There are few better "spoiling" scrum halves in the four countries than Russell, while he lasts. I remember a story my father told about some match in which John Russell was engaged in 1876, I think it was, or it may have been '77—but it is too long a tale to tell now. Consequently, while the vigour of his second—er—youth held, John Russell held his opponent, Arthur Young, and held him hard and often. But towards the end of that perfect day Arthur Young began nipping away, generally on the blind side of the scrum, and feeding the Army threes with a disconcerting regularity and pace. Ergo the Army began to score—and it was all over bar the whistle.

The ubiquitous Rose, of 43 Squadron, did, in fact, execute a fine dribble which resulted in a try. Unfortunately for his popularity with the Air Force at that moment Barry Cumberlege, the referee, got in the way when Rose fell on it, and he ruled, rightly, that his presence constituted a disadvantage to the Army men gathered about that spot, and disallowed the score. Rose, and some others, went further than this, and said his presence in Surrey at all at that moment was blatantly unnecessary. But bias will crop up in men's minds at Rugger matches.

The Air Force may have crashed. They did. But they crashed very finely. In other words, they put up a very good show against the intensive barrage of the Army which eventually brought them down.

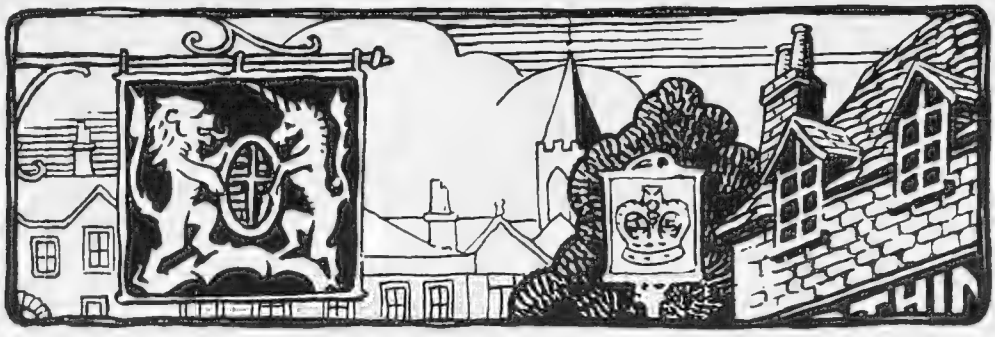
And we saw Squadron-Leader C. N. Lowe, M.C., D.F.C., in what was probably his last appearance in first-class football, as he leaves almost immediately for service in Iraq. It was a fitting climax to a magnificent Rugger career. This little man showed us many flashes of his old brilliance in defence and attack. Again and again he came adroitly to the rescue of his side: always was he a source of danger to the other.

Well, he leaves the footer field with twenty-five English caps to his credit; and goodness knows what more a man can wish for than this.

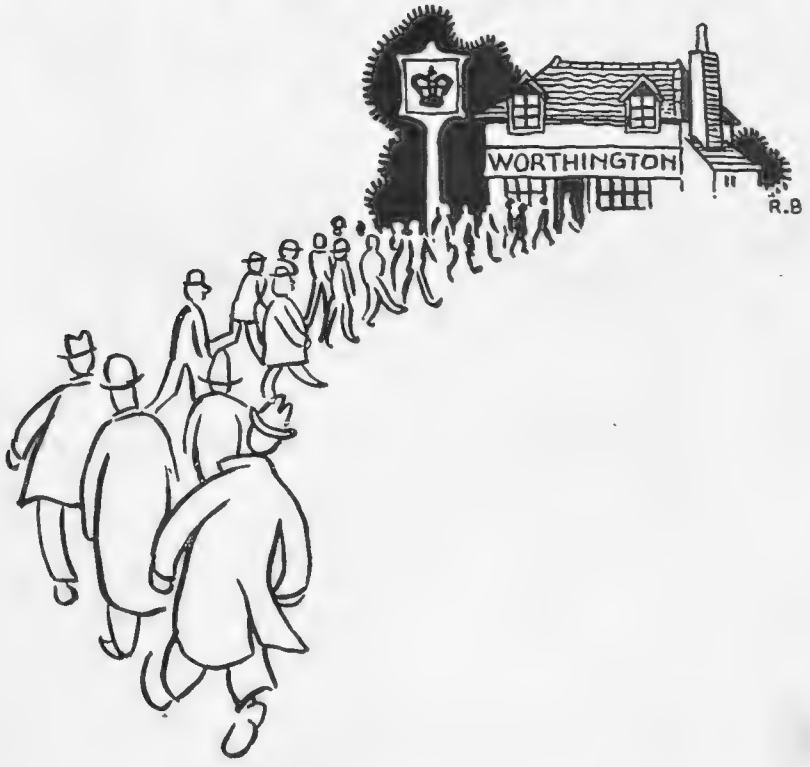
Sport & General

THE ARMY ON THE OFFENSIVE

The Army breaking away from a scrum in their match against the Air Force at Twickenham. The former won by 11 points to nil



The 'Lion & the Unicorn'
Were rivalling the 'Crown,'
They tried to keep their
takings up
And put the others down;
But the 'Crown' served
sparkling Worthington
And drew the thirsty town.



RACING NOTIONS ... By "Carbine"

Systems

IT is remarkable how fascinating systems are to a great many racing people. Nearly all have a flaw in them somewhere. Perhaps the safest and most interesting of racing systems is to pick a number of good-class horses and to stick to them with a level stake throughout the season. I do not imply that it is impossible to make a loss in this way, but with reasonable luck you should come out on the right side at the end of the year. For many years past I have drawn up such a list for my own amusement. When a loss has been incurred at the end of the season the amount has been trifling, and in a number of years a handsome margin of profit has been shown.

Betting

ON the subject of betting it cannot be too strongly borne in mind that the odds are against the backers before they start. By this I mean that the bookmakers set the prices. And as their livelihood is involved it would be absurd to suppose they arrange the odds in favour of the backers. The percentage to their advantage may not be so large as that exacted by the Pari-Mutuel or the Totalisator. But everybody knows they must command some sort of margin in order to cover the inevitable overhead charges of their business, and to show a return for work and capital. Admittedly there are sundry professional backers who make money by backing horses. Their profit largely comes from their ability to "beat the market" in the majority of races. Moreover, their efforts are of a concentrated and highly specialised nature. Good days come to punters, otherwise they would all quickly become tired of the game. But the man who bets promiscuously has need of a great deal of luck if he is to come out on top season after season. Having realised these facts, the racegoer can still derive a good deal of pleasure and excitement from his tilts against the ring so long as he refrains from getting out of his depth. Here is a small group of horses whom it may pay to follow between now and the end of the season:—

Assam.	Herbalist.
Brighter London.	Priory Park.
Cross Bow.	Review Order.

MR. A. C. SCHWARTZ

A cartoon of the American millionaire, who was "bagged" by "The Tout" at Aintree a few minutes after he had won the Grand National with "Jack Horner"

The National

THE Grand National is now only a memory which will be treasured for a long time by those who saw the race. Only a very small proportion of the crowd was on the winner, but the race was tremendously exciting in that at least half a dozen competitors appeared to have a chance of winning half a mile from the end. The old tradition that the first horse over the last jump wins the race was not borne out any more than it was when Double Chance slammed Old Tay Bridge on the flat a year ago. This time Bright's Boy was first over, closely followed by "Old Tay," and one could not but sympathise with the latter when weight again told its tale, and he had to succumb to Jack Horner. Curious how this race appeals so strongly to American owners. Now that Mr. Charles Schwartz and Mr. Sanford have carried off the prize, the anxiety of our rich cousins to buy likely National horses is sure to be more pronounced than ever.

Newbury Cup

THE next big riddle which racing people have to solve is the Newbury Spring Cup on Saturday. This looks a reasonably good thing for Zionist after his narrow defeat at Lincoln. Purple Shade was only just beaten for this race last year, but I do not suppose his stamina has improved. The Manton stable is represented in the entry by Cross Bow and Sparus, and as the latter is an early horse I shall take him as a second string, giving my first to **Zionist.** The latter will be at a short price, so "SPARUS each way" may be the best bet. The Greenham Stakes on the preceding day will probably be won by **Friar Wile,** who has wintered well.

HUNTING and POLO ... By A. W. Coaten

Point-to-Points

EARLY last week the Quorn finished the season at Baggrave, and the Belvoir had their final meet at Harlaxton Manor a day later. Most of the other packs in the Midlands have concluded the campaign, but the season will be prolonged well into April in those countries where agricultural considerations do not demand an early stoppage. Meanwhile, the point-to-point festivals are still in full swing, and dozens of these fixtures will be brought off during the present week. Major-General John Vaughan is to be congratulated on the success which attended him at the recent Belvoir races. In addition to winning the nomination race on his own horse, Merrie England, from one of the hottest fields seen in the Midlands this season, he was second on Sir J. Arnott's horse in the light-weight race, and was only just beaten on another of his own horses in the welter race. Not bad going this for the gallant General, who was giving a good many years to some of the rival performers between the flags. He will again be polo manager at the Ranelagh Club, with Captain G. V. Scott Douglas as his assistant. This arrangement worked with happy results last summer. They appear to be in for another busy season, the programme at Ranelagh being tightly packed with tournaments.

In the Forest

MANY hunting folk are now on their annual pilgrimage to the New Forest. Both the deerhounds and the foxhounds are in form, and the "birds of passage" who crowd to Lyndhurst and Brockenhurst during the present month should come in for some pleasant gallops. The New Forest point-to-point is to be held on the 21st inst. Intending visitors should bear in mind that any non-resident may hunt three days a week with the foxhounds by subscribing at least £10. The usual "cap" to those who do not subscribe is £1 per day, but people who go out regularly in the spring season are expected to place their names on the subscription lists. With the buckhounds similar arrangements are in force. This pack has been hunted for seventeen years by Sir George Thursby, who at one time was one of the best amateur jockeys ever seen in regular racing. He is also a remarkably good huntsman, and nobody has ever shown better sport in the Forest. Major George Meyrick is the Master of the foxhounds.

A Good Team

SINCE I last wrote on polo teams for the coming season I learn that a warm combination has been got together composed of Mr. S. Sanford at No. 1, Captain C. T. I. Roark at No. 2, Mr. R. E. Strawbridge at No. 3, and Major J. F. Harrison at back. This team will have an aggregate handicap of 29 points. Two Americans are in the side. Mr. Sanford is, perhaps, the best-mounted player in the world. His ponies include Fairy Story, who was taken to the United States by Lord Wimborne in 1924, and was played by Mr. L. Lacey in the International matches. Afterwards she was bought at auction by Mr. Sanford for the equivalent in dollars of £2,100. Even in these days of prodigious prices for polo ponies, this must be about a record. Fairy Story is now better than ever, which is evidenced by the fact that at the Meadow Brook show last autumn she gave a splendid performance and won the championship for the second time. Other ponies belonging to Mr. Sanford which did well at that show were Lalla Koolah, bred in Virginia, the Irish mare Agnes, and the Argentines, None So Pretty and Moonbeam.

At the Sign of the "White Horse"

This sign on a bottle of Whisky is your guarantee of perfection. For upwards of 180 years this quaint old label has stood as a symbol or mark of the finest Whisky it is possible to distil, and —an important point—for all these years it has stood for independence. White Horse Whisky is made by the largest *independen* Whisky Firm in Scotland, from the original recipe of 1746.

White Horse Distillers Ltd. Glasgow & London

THE "LIGHT" STAGE. *Helen Foster*

Miss Dinkie Starace, who is playing in "Betty in Mayfair" at the Adelphi, gives a light to an acquaintance who appears to have fallen an early victim to the regrettable habit of smoking

FEMINA

INDIVIDUAL HOUSES

By MRS. M. VINCE

I WOULD not say that houses are alive, but sometimes they come very near to it.

Mr. John Buchan once wrote a story about a strange old house which turned two modern cranks into Roman Catholics. One could find many other examples in fiction of the influences—usually malignant—of old houses. These stories express our common belief that, though old houses are not alive, they keep memories; though they are not alive, they can influence us just like living creatures, and sometimes much more strongly. But these stories are always told of old houses, where many people have lived and strange things have happened. You do not hear of new houses that are haunted.

YET every house has an influence, in its very size and shape. If only by the number of its stairs and the position of its windows, it begins at once to accustom you to something—something which, perhaps, you have not had before, something which you may even dislike. When you take a house on a long lease, just as when you marry, you are taking something for better or worse, something with which you cannot do just what you like. Houses, in fact, like husbands, have their own individuality, and, whether you like it or not, you must admit it and act accordingly.

THAT is what so many people forget when they set about decorating—that the house is an individual thing. They take a house on a long lease. They know that there are certain things which their lease forbids them to do. They may not use it as a factory, or carry on a trade or a profession in it, or add storeys to it, or fill the garden with an annexe. But within these well-defined limits they believe that they can do exactly what they like. They have paid the money and they think the house is theirs. What they always forget is the house itself. They want this or that or the other, and they are very much surprised if you tell them that they ought not to have it—in this house. "Why not?" they say. It is their own house. The lease does not prohibit it. The police cannot come in and prevent it. Why not? And if you tell them that the house itself forbids it, they wonder what you mean.

THEY would quite readily admit that old houses often have an influence, but they cannot understand that even the newest house has an individuality. No one may have lived in it, but someone has built it. He had his ideas, good or bad, about the way in which people would live in it, and good or bad, when you live in the house you must be influenced by them. The size of each room, and its shape and its height and its aspect, and the amount of light it gets—all these affect its decoration, just as your height and figure and colouring affect your choice of clothes. To choose the decorations for a room because they look nice in a shop, or because you have seen the same sort of decorations in someone else's house, without considering whether or not they are suitable for the room, is like wearing ready-made clothes that someone else has bought for you.

THAT is what is wrong with so much modern decoration. It is ready-made. That is why so much of the period-furnishing is a mistake. It is chosen without any regard to the house. And that is why so many houses look as if they were in badly chosen fancy-dress. I know one hotel which is decorated in the styles of four different countries and as many centuries! But as soon as you think of a house as an individual thing, and each room in it as individual, and decorate it to suit itself, then you are not only on the way towards having a beautiful house, but the decorating of it becomes infinitely more interesting.

IF I were a writer of fiction, I should write a story about a haunted house. It would be about a beautiful house of so strong an individuality that it resisted all attempts to decorate it in the wrong way. It would be inhabited first by a family of profiteers who filled it with modern copies of the most expensive furniture of half a dozen different periods, mixed with such Chinese and Japanese ornaments as happened to take their fancy; then by a family which was so severely historical that it would have been an anachronism in the thirteenth century; then by a family whose idea of beauty was jazz colours, and whose idea of comfort was large numbers of cushions; and then by a family which was so afraid of not decorating correctly that it had everything plain. Each family this house would get rid of in some horrible or mysterious way, until everyone said that the house was haunted, and the Psychical Research Society sent down to look for a ghost and Scotland Yard sent down to look for evidence of an unknown crime. But as they neither of them could find anything, the poor house was left empty until a family came that took it and decorated it, not to suit their own fancies or ideas, but to suit the house itself, so the house, for the first time, was beautiful inside as well as out, and as a reward these wise people lived in it happily ever afterwards.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SEA

There is something about a life at sea that seems to bring to its followers a smiling outlook, a kindly heartiness and a balanced generosity. But these happy qualities are known ashore too for most men know.....

DEWAR'S

"Vive Le Sport!"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A striking picture gained by our artist at grave personal risk, in the depths of Highgate Woods, showing two intrepid sportsmen engaged in the perilous task of Widgeon Biffing

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis—

The sad and regrettable history of Petrus Maisonial, which, for his sake, ought to have remained strictly personal, has had developments which have become unfortunately widespread. It is rather a pity for Petrus, *citoyen temporaire* of Paris, for it means adding to the load of his burdens. Petrus of the fine Roman *surnom* is one of life's unfortunates. He lost, at one and the same time, his *maîtresse* and his economies.

There are citizens of Paris who spend quite a lot of time in trying to lose their *maîtresses* and will even

"To ask for a sight of the bill"

resort to the use of lethal weapons to expedite matters, but Petrus has no kinship to these. Over the severance he was inconsolable, while over the loss of his savings he was in the profoundest distress. One of the places where he stopped to ponder over the cruelties of *la vie* was the pavement before a jewellery establishment in the Boulevard de Belleville, and it proved an execrably bad choice.

The jewels seemed to offer a solution to at least half of his troubles and, in the height of his woes, Petrus smashed the window with the butt-end of his revolver, grabbed a handful of jewels, and sprinted away down the boulevard *à toutes jambes*. He had a good start, but Victor Grigny, one of the few *agents* who have the knack of being on the spot when things are to do in his business, was in better training, and soon it became apparent that the honours would be with Victor. Pricing liberty above pelf, Petrus the short-winded sought safety in throwing the jewels away, calculating that while the *agent* was stopping to pick them up he would be able to get clear.

But Victor, considering in his stride whether the interests of justice would be better met by the recovery of stolen property or by bringing a malefactor to repentance over the uplifting *plat de jour* of bread and skilly, ignored the scattered brilliants and continued the chase of Petrus. This is where Victor's efforts at contributing to uplift went wrong, for in a minute there were twenty-two malefactors instead of one, all the passers-by having joined in a scramble for the jewels when the arm of justice left them—temptingly—behind. Possibly some of them had a kindred excuse to Petrus in that they had lost their *maîtresses*—at one time or another—but, even in Paris, it is doubtful if twenty-one out of twenty-one could accurately put forth this plea in justification of their hasty acquisition of other people's goods.

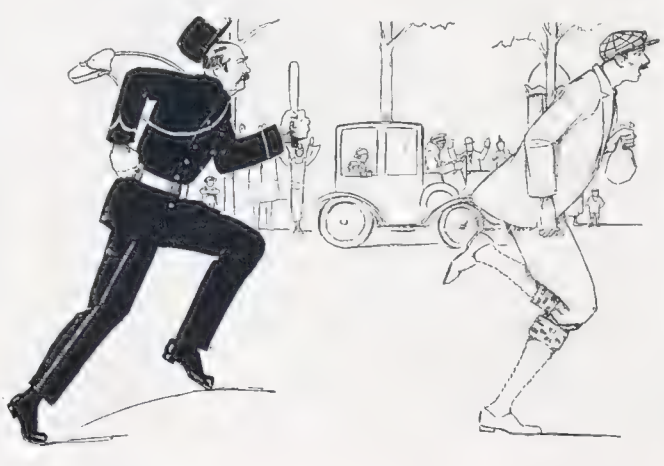
Be that how it may, the jewellers of Paris are incensed at the way the affair was dealt with by the representative of the law, and they have petitioned the Prefect of Police, demanding that when his *agents* are faced with such a situation they shall concentrate on the recovery of the stolen goods, the sums they pay in taxes entitling them to first consideration. In view of this plaint over its services Petrus is likely to be distinctly unpopular at the Prefecture, while, should the twenty-one subsequent sinners ever come up for trial, they will certainly endeavour to transfer all the blame to the drooping shoulders of Maisonial. And meanwhile the *maîtresse*—the real culprit—is probably sipping the nectar of life with the profits of his economies. It's a wicked world.

En effet, things are becoming so bad that before long when somebody offers you a *cadeau* it will

"Lost his maitresse and his economies"

be advisable to ask for a sight of the receipted bill of purchase before accepting. A charming little Parisian actress has found herself in a most unpleasant situation through lack of knowledge about the wisdom of this formality. She had been much gratified when an admirer made her a gift of furniture of the appreciable value of nearly five hundred pounds, and visioned prospects of fitting out a very luxurious *hôtel particulier* on these wholly agreeable lines.

Consequently, when the furniture dealer made a call upon her and presented a bill for the *meubles*, which the indelicate donor had neglected to settle, she poured scorn upon the salesman's distasteful ideas about indirect recovery and waved him away. But the dealer took the matter to law and the disillusioned little actress has been ordered to pay. We are taught that we should never look a gift-horse in the mouth, but, after this, it is clearly essential to obtain a look at its pedigree.



"Down the boulevard *à toutes jambes*"

If I am not mistaken the Théâtre Femina has no particular intention to appeal specially to feminine audiences, but owes its name to the fact that it is in the building where the woman's journal *Femina* is published. Consequently there is no significance in the production at the Femina of the very debatable new play, *La Prisonnière*, despite the apparent association in the subject-matter, for the type of audience at this house does not differ very greatly from that at any other.

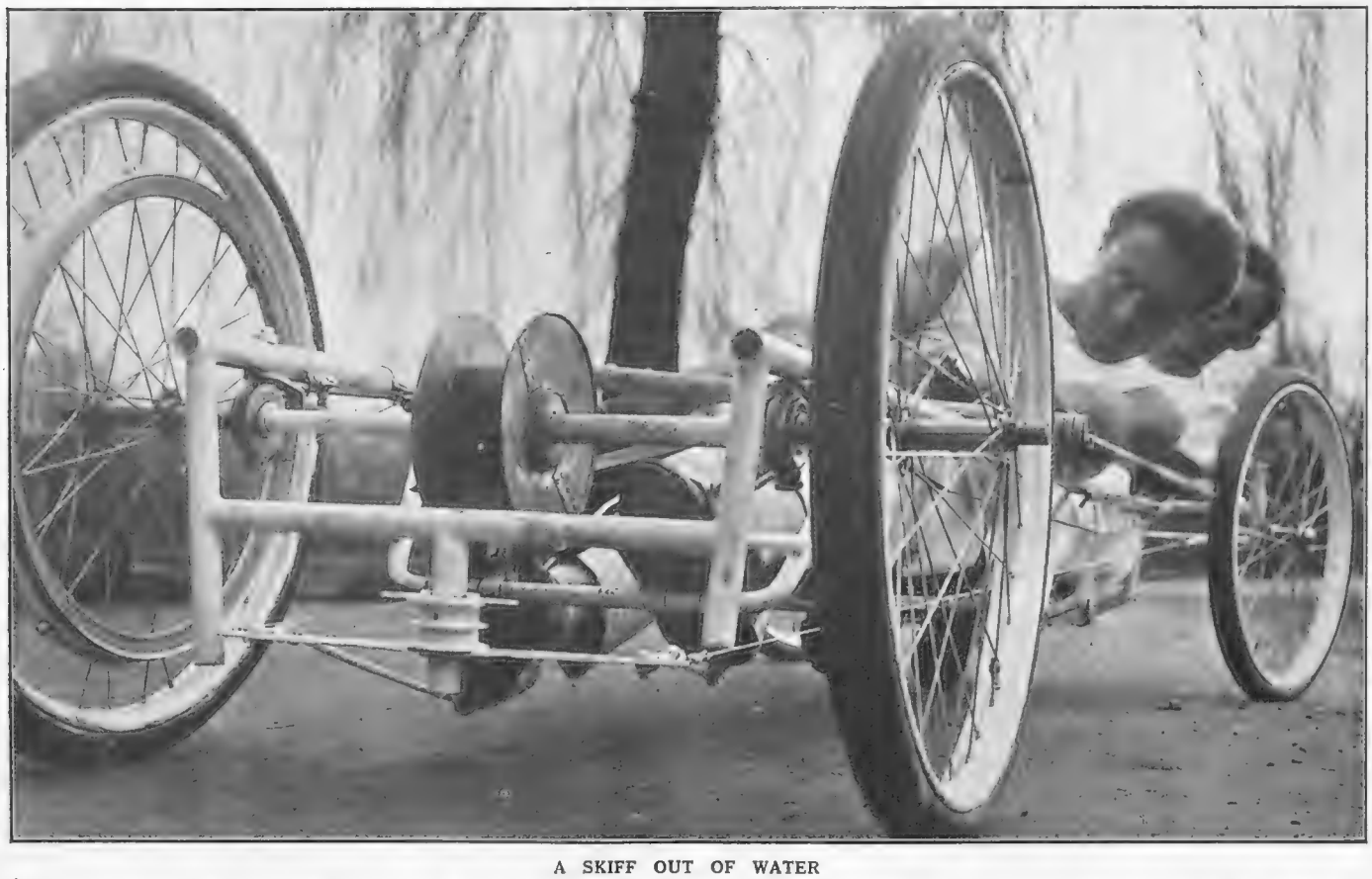
It is a play which is certain to cause a lot of discussion, just as it is bound to attract crowds of the curious, and it is a venture in regard to which it is difficult to avoid taking sides. The subject being delicate, even questionable, there is naturally a section which alleges that the author has chosen his topic merely for commercial motives, while another section asserts just as strongly that he is sincere and has constructed a fine drama around a subject which is known to have drawn much interest and attention during the last five years. Not knowing anything of M. Edouard Bourdet one has no guide as to his intentions, but it is obvious that only a dramatist of unchallengeable position could have presented such a piece without criticism. It deals with the efforts of a young husband to get his wife out of the clutches of a number of women friends.

There is a fairly good new play at the Théâtre Michel, which M. Nozière might have strengthened by a little clipping of superfluities which rather hold up the action. It deals with people of a class which can scarcely be looked to for good examples, but theatre managers believe this class is the most interesting.

"Have another trial"

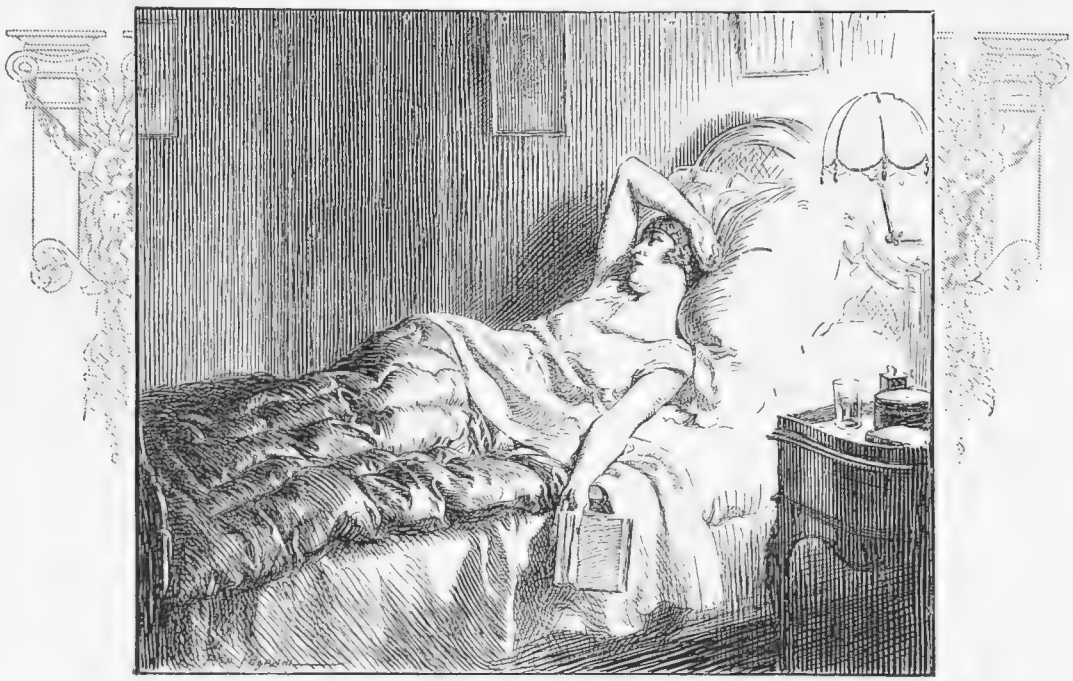
Renoux, who is a powerful financier, has become enamoured of Gisele, who nominally belongs to someone else, and while that fact might not have stood in the way in the general run of things, Renoux has chosen his time hopelessly because Gisele has just become similarly infatuated with a young adventurer, Lucien. As a powerful financier Renoux naturally thinks he sees his chance when he discovers that the rival is associated in an affair which approaches swindling, but his trump card of revealing this to Gisele and promising to spare Lucien goes badly against him, Gisele having only maledictions for Renoux and an inflamed passion for Lucien. Gisele, however, had a daughter possessed of an inherited coquetry, and a few years later, when she has grown up, she has more than sufficient charm to overcome the disappointment of Renoux.

You, as representatives of the Anglo-Saxons, will have to have another try at eating snails. There is now an explanation why you failed to enjoy them at the first attempt, and as it comes from an eminent professor of the Sorbonne, it must be given heed. It appears that while the Latins possess a natural sympathy towards snails, that of Anglo-Saxons has to be acquired. Almost everything depends on the manner of eating. The snail, firmly seized in the clippers, must be dipped in the sauce—never must the sauce be poured on the snail—and then enjoyed slowly, as a priceless wine. Try again, Whittington. René.



A SKIFF OUT OF WATER

A photograph of the Curry Land Skiff, a new vehicle which has been invented by Mr. Manfred Curry, a young American resident in Munich. The motive power is applied in the same way as in the rowing of a boat, and high speeds can be attained. We may yet see the Boat Race "rowed" off along the Brighton Road!



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Weary in body and brain you seek repose. You long to enjoy a good night's rest. But the moment you lay your head on the pillow you feel wide awake and sleepless. Your thoughts race through your brain. The hours drag on and seem like an eternity. When morning comes you feel more tired than when you went to bed.

To enjoy sound, refreshing sleep take a cup of delicious "Ovaltine" just before retiring. This easily digested tonic food beverage contains no drugs or narcotics of any kind, but is abundantly rich in the food elements which soothe and restore the brain and nerves. Quickly and completely these food elements are absorbed into the system. Frayed nerves are soothed. The worn cells and tissues of the brain are restored and rebuilt. Restful sleep comes easily and naturally. You wake in the morning fresh and clear-eyed—with zest and energy to carry you right through the day.

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"Good-nights" will be yours if you adopt the simple, natural and inexpensive daily habit of drinking delicious "Ovaltine" for health.

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Everyone will enjoy this most delicious and very nourishing and sustaining food-sweet.

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P.370

Experts teach lovers

A CALL TO FANCIERS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

FRIDAY of this week brings the Kensington Canine Society's Show at the Crystal Palace, which is to beat even the striking records established by this favourite annual event in Holland Park. East London (Stratford) has an interesting Airedale and Bulldog Show to-morrow (Thursday); and Leicester has its to-day.

It is a member of the L.K.A. who writes:—"You have already given us useful hints from time to time on the highly interesting and important topic of more 'getting together,' as between Dogs and ourselves, to get increased mutual understanding, and, therefore, more real companionship. I should like to suggest that we also need more intelligent 'getting together,' as between Dog-fanciers—that is, the informed amateurs of Dogs—and all who are genuinely fond of Dogs; that is, in this country, praise be! the vast majority of the general public. The fondness is there all right, and growing by leaps and bounds. My suggestion is that it's high time it became better informed; and that it's up to the expert amateurs to speed the process. This is a matter in which all our six hundred Dog Clubs ought to concern themselves. It has direct interest for every breeder. We have a magnificent medium in our Dog Shows, of which I suppose we now hold something like fifteen hundred a year. Upon the whole, they are well organised and calculated to please the fancier; but from the point of view of attracting the millions of Dog-lovers who are not fanciers they, and the Clubs, are not accomplishing half so much as they might. They should include a great deal more in the way of special competitions; as for owners of a single Dog—'Onlies'—for house-Dogs and guards, for children's Dogs, for canine manners, behaviour, deportment, training, obedience and the like. In addition to displaying to the public the perfection of points and pedigree, we should demonstrate the delightful possibilities of training and companionship, thereby attracting to these exhibitions in ever-increasing numbers the great mass of those who are fond of Dogs, as well as the experts and fanciers. We need far more demonstration of what our splendid Dogs can *do*, of how charming and helpful they can *be*, apart from what they *look* like, and how they excel in points."

In the view of so humble a fancier as "The Kennelman," this lady's suggestion deserves the serious and practical consideration of every Dog Club and every Show Committee in the country. Show the Dog in action—guarding, herding, tracking, working.

It's easy to hymn the praises of virtue, but for the unregenerate average mortal there remains considerable charm in some forms of naughtiness; and "The Kennelman" looks forward with pleasure to making the acquaintance one day of the Retriever who recently terrified the owner of a Pekingese, walking by the Tyne, near Hexham, by swooping down on the unsuspecting Peke and shoving it into the river—just then in flood. Suddenly then, in the midst of his guffaws, Retriever realised that Pekingese was in real danger in a swift-running current. Instantly filled with remorse, the practical joker leapt into the stream, rescued the castaway in his jaws, carried him ashore, and dumped him solicitously at his owner's feet; doubtless muttering: "Sorry! Sorry! Rotten thing to have done!" as he shook himself.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

THE LUCK OF A NO-TRUMPER

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THAT anything may happen to a No-Trumper is a well-recognised fact amongst players; the following sent to me from Madras illustrates the point. The game was Contract Bridge (where only the number of tricks declared score towards game), and the score was game all, each side 10 in rubber game.

Z (my correspondent) dealt and called "One No-Trumps"; A, "No bid"; Y, "Two No-Trumps." All passed.

These were the hands:—

	S—J, 10, 9, 2. H—Q, 9, 3.	D—K, 4. C—A, 6, 3, 2.
	Y	
S—8, 6. H—J, 10, 6. D—J, 10, 9, 7, 6. C—Q, 10, 4.	*A*	*B* S—A, 5, 4, 3. H—K, 8, 4, 2. D—A, Q, 5, 3. C—8.
	Z	
	S—K, Q, 7. H—A, 7, 5.	D—8, 2. C—K, J, 9, 7, 5.

A led the Jack of Diamonds, and A, B made five tricks in the suit. On the three last Diamonds Y discarded 3 and 2 of Clubs, and 3 of Hearts; B discarded 3 of Spades; Z King and Queen of Spades and 5 of Hearts. A then led the Jack of Hearts, Y and B covering, and Z taking the trick with the Ace. Z led a small Club to Dummy's Ace, and returned a small Club, taking, of course, with the King, on finding B void. (B here discarded the 4 of Spades.) Z led another Club taken by A, who made his 10 of Hearts. B made the 8 and 4 and then led the Ace of Spades, so that the only tricks Y Z made were their two Aces and one King, and were five down.

. . . . . .

Although the hand was most unlucky for Z, I consider that his discard of a Heart from Y was bad, and it certainly cost him a couple of tricks.

. . . . . .

Does the light No-Trumper pay? In my experience it does not. Of course you may sometimes see light No-Trumpers which come off, but more often than not they come to grief. It is a bad thing to get a reputation as a No-Trump fiend, because your partner is never certain when or where not to support you. Once bitten, twice shy. I have suffered myself so often from partners who bid No-Trumps on nothing that I write with feeling. Now what are you to do in this case? Z deals and bids "One No-Trump"; A, "Two Spades"; Y holds:—S—A, J, 2. H—7, 5, 4. D—K, 8, 6. C—K, 5, 3, 2.

Surely that is good enough to support "Two No-Trumps." You would think so, wouldn't you? But here are the hands:—

	S—A, J, 2. H—7, 5, 4.	D—K, 8, 6. C—K, 5, 3, 2.
	Y	
S—K, 10, 8, 7, 5, 4. H—A, Q, 9. D—7, 3. C—8, 7.	*A*	*B* S—Q, 9, 3. H—10, 8, 6. D—A, J, 10, 5. C—Q, J, 9.
	Z	
	S—6 H—K, J, 3, 2.	D—Q, 9, 4, 2. C—A, 10, 6, 4.

When Y called "Two No-Trumps," B promptly doubled, and Z was unable to extricate himself. All passed. A opened the 7 of Spades. Z played small from Dummy, B took the trick with the 9 of Spades (applying the Eleven rule), and returned the Queen. Z took the third round of Spades in Dummy's hand and led three rounds of Clubs, B taking the third round with his Queen. B then led the 10 of Hearts, Z covered with the Jack. A took with the Queen and proceeded to make three winning Spades. Z was obliged to discard a Heart and two Diamonds. A then led 7 of Diamonds taken by B with the Ace. B had kept a Heart and led it with the result that A made his two winning Hearts, A B making ten tricks in all, and Z only three—500 down.

. . . . . .

Z had no one but himself to blame. His original No-Trumper was far too light. It had a single Spade—always dangerous in a No-Trumper—no strong suit of any kind, only one Ace, a King, a Queen, and a Jack. In my opinion it was asking for trouble to bid at all on this hand.

Y's put-up was perfectly justifiable.

1627

A King's Physician

In a vignette of the battle of Edgehill etched by the cheerfu Aubrey we see a round-faced, white-haired little man crouching coolly beneath a hedge with two small boys beside him. 'He took out of his pocket a book and read,' writes Aubrey. 'But he had not read very long before a bullet of a great gun grazed on the ground near him, which made him remove his station.'

The small boys were Charles, Prince of Wales, and James, Duke of York; the white-haired little man William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

By Appointment

In the year before the publication of the theory that brought him international fame, John Haig Scotch Whisky was first distilled. It was an age of great achievement. The world-wide reputation enjoyed by John Haig to-day represents an achievement not unworthy of that great age.

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MOTOR NOTES

BY THE STREAM

A photograph taken on a country road near Coventry. The car is a 12-50 h.p Alvis touring car, which is built to seat five persons in comfort

THE Easter holidays being past and finished, the motoring season has now received its official opening. The traffic on the roads during the holidays gave a very clear indication of what road conditions will be like during the rest of the year. Four days of freedom to the motorist give a feeling of discontent which can only be overcome by a wider use of his car. The freedom of the road has by now got into his blood, and he will make more and more use of his car as the season progresses. Those who were so unfortunate as to be non-possessed of a car during the holidays are, if they can afford it (and in some cases when they cannot), marching off to secure some form of motor vehicle which will not leave them as 'bus, train, or foot travellers at the next holiday. Those who had postponed the purchase of their new car too late should now make a special effort to see that they are not motorless when the whole world on wheels next takes its holiday.

***

VIOLENT excursions and alarums are at present in progress within the motor trade concerning two subjects. The first is the control of competitions and the second is the control of sales. The first arises from conferences which have taken place between the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders and the governing body of sport in this country, the Royal Automobile Club. Sundry members of the trade look with apprehension on the cost of taking part in trials, whether reliability, hill-climbing, or speed, and they have brought pressure to bear upon the Society to make arrangements with the R.A.C. in order to secure that no trade entries shall be accepted for any open trials except those approved by the Society. This they have done with every success. As matters at present stand, manufacturer or agent can only enter the car in which he is interested in certain Brooklands events. Outside Brooklands the only two "approved" trials are the Shelsley Walsh hill-climb and the Saltburn Speed Trials.

***

As regards the sale of motor cars, there is a trade protection society, the objects of which are to prevent the members of that society from selling goods either above or below the list-price of the manufacturer. Certain legal proceedings have taken place recently concerning the activities of this society, the results of which are known to most motorists. I understand that particular attention has been paid by this society in respect of part-exchange deals. The dealer, who accepts a used car in part-payment for a new one, has to promise that he will not sell the used car at any other figure than the one he gave for it for a certain period. I do not intend to make any comment on the *pros* and *cons* of the two propositions, but, to my mind, it would appear that the motor trader is left very little latitude for his own personal enterprise in the development of his business.

***

SUNDRY of the more progressive motor traders have found that it is a good plan to stage private exhibitions of the cars in which they are interested on their own premises. I have seen several of these "private shows," to which the public are admitted free, but surely the best, in my opinion, was that held by Rootes, Ltd., at Maidstone recently. This is a firm which has come very much to the front in recent years, and the reason for its success was well evidenced on the occasion of my visit to Maidstone for the show. It may be summed up in the one word "enterprise." The garage was laid out in the most tasteful manner, with each make grouped together, the whole being made attractive by the distribution of flowers and attractive lighting. On entering the main building one first saw a full range of Sunbeam models, with the three-litre sports at their head, then followed some of the latest Daimlers, the Standards, a Hispano, and several Citroëns. At the end was a special *salon* occupied by three superb examples of Rolls-Royce cars, one of which was fitted with bodywork by Thrupp and Maberly, in which Rootes are particularly interested.

***

COMING down the main hall at Rootes, on the right was a full range of Fiats, including the new 7 h.p., which should be an extremely popular car, then the range of Talbots, and a very inclusive exhibit of Austins. In the centre were examples of the Clynos, 11 h.p. and 13 h.p., Hillmans, a full range of accessories, and a special exhibit of the Austin "Seven." The next big event in the history of Rootes will be the opening of their showrooms in Devonshire House, Piccadilly.

***

EVEN a brief run on the latest Chrysler will show why this make of car has become so popular in these Islands. First and foremost, it is silent and vibrationless, whatever the speed or road surface. Secondly, it has remarkable acceleration and stopping power, which make for a most facile quality of control. I was out on one of the latest Chrysler models recently (a six-cylinder), and I have no fault whatever to find with the run.

***

THE weather was favourable, the car behaved in an unobtrusive yet thoroughly satisfactory manner, and I also had the opportunity of travelling over some of the little-known byways in Surrey, finally finishing up on Brooklands track. I flatter myself that I gave that saloon a very good "doing," but it came up smiling every time. Through thick traffic it was remarkably fast, owing to its acceleration and its brakes. On the open road, so easy was its running, that it appeared to be travelling considerably slower than the speedometer indicated.

GEORGE C. STEAD.

THE NEW "STANDARD"

The new 14 h.p. Standard "Charlecote" coupé, which is no higher in price than the ordinary open two-seater which it displaces in the company's list of models. It is fitted with folding head with glass windows

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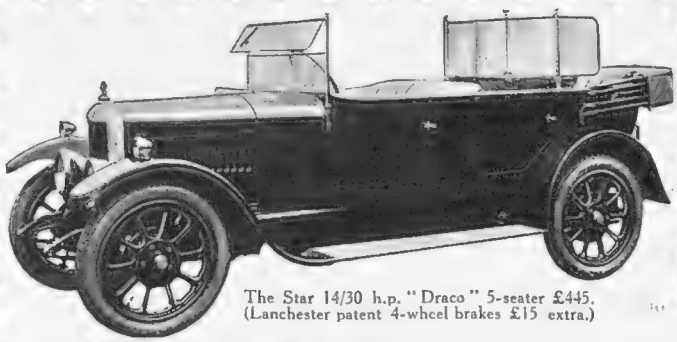

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(Lanchester patent 4-wheel brakes £15 extra.)

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

THERE are people who fight shy of bibliography. Dull stuff, they suppose it to be, fitted only for those curious fossils who spend their days in libraries and museums. "If I want to read a book I'll read it," they say, "but I don't want to know whether the first issue had an extra full-stop on the title-page, or six pages of advertisements bound in at the end, or how many copies were printed, or the exact date of publication." And yet bibliography, if properly pursued, can be the most thrilling sport in the world. You can hardly begin your studies before finding that your detective powers are being called on to do their utmost. (And we are all detectives at heart.) All sorts of unexpected excitements follow. And without your bibliographical knowledge to help you, where are you when you come to that musty old shop with its untidy books, or the market-place with its drab-looking stall? All old books are not valuable—most of them that you see are worth just nothing at all—and there is no use in buying unless you *know*.

TO-DAY, for some curious reason, there is a bibliographical taste for living authors, some of them, too, not of the first rank. Extraordinary sums are paid for the earlier works of some of our novelists and poets—a most annoying affair, I always think, for the authors themselves, who surely deserve an extra percentage on such occasions. And to me, personally, one of the most interesting of living writers is H. G. Wells, for which reason I am particularly glad to welcome *The Works of H. G. Wells*, 1887-1925 (Routledge: 12*s.* 6*d.* net), a monumental compilation by Mr. G. H. Wells, who is not, by the way, any relation of his hero's.

Mr. Wells, however, has gone one better than most of his fellow bibliographers, for in addition to a complete bibliography his book contains a dictionary which has everything in it that you could possibly want to know about Wells or his books. It is all exceedingly well done, and will interest even those who have no especial interest in *Wellsiana*, as it may be called.

Janet Jevons

MR. G. MELVILLE COOPER

Who has been playing Samuel Sweetland in "The Farmer's Wife" for the last two years. Mr. Cooper, who is twenty-eight, served in the famous 51st (Highland) Division in the War, being wounded and taken prisoner in 1918

AND so at long last poor Saki is coming into his own. His works are coming out in the neatest of collected editions, with prefaces by distinguished writers. Two volumes have just been issued, the *Reginald*, which also includes the *Reginald in Russia* (Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.* net)—the preface by Hugh Walpole—and that delicious collection of stories called *Beasts and Super-beasts* (Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), with preface by H. W. Nevinson.

If, by any ill-chance, you have never made Saki's acquaintance, now is your opportunity to enjoy a real feast. As you probably remember, his real name was H. H. Munro, and he was killed in the War. Nobody who ever knew him is likely to forget either the man himself or his peculiar humour. He tasted a limited success in his lifetime, and incidentally foretold the War in his *When William Came* (though in that satirical work we were shown an England under German domination); now all the world has a chance of sampling his genius, and the publishers may be congratulated on their enterprise.

14-40 VAUXHALL £550

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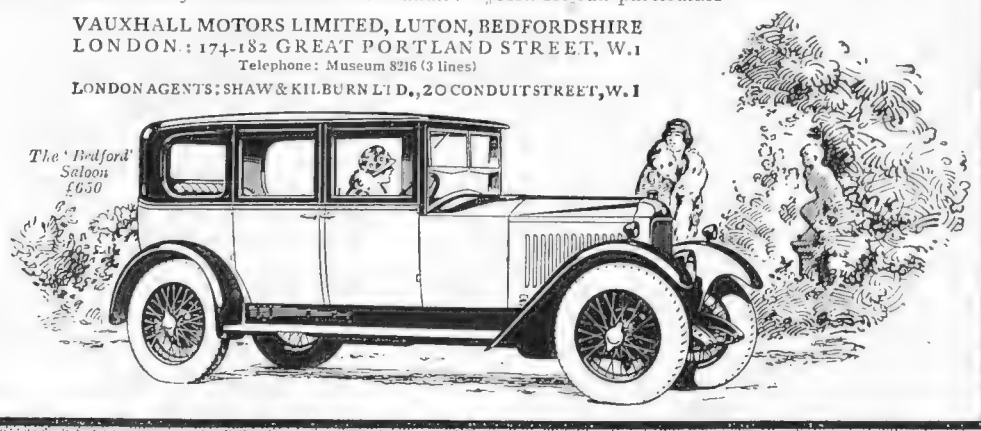

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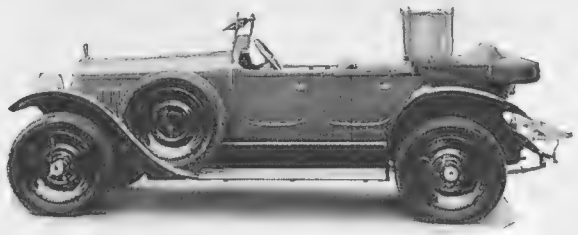

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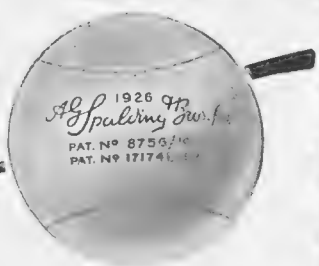

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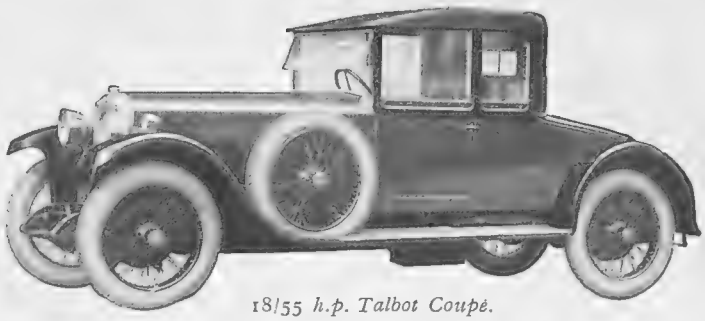

18/55 *h.p. Talbot Coupé.*

Passing on the good news

A Yorkshire Talbot owner who has just completed 30,904 miles in one year with an 18/55 h.p. Coupe, in writing to thank us for the service he has had, says:—

> "In view of the heavy mileage and also as a precautionary measure, I have had the car thoroughly examined by a competent firm and the report received is that 'everything is almost perfect,' and all that has been done is to re-line the brakes, which is rather to be expected at over 30,000 miles.
>
> I could enlarge on 'Talbot' virtues at length, but perhaps it will suffice to say that I am now directly responsible for at least *six other Talbots* in this district which are being used with remarkable success by my friends."

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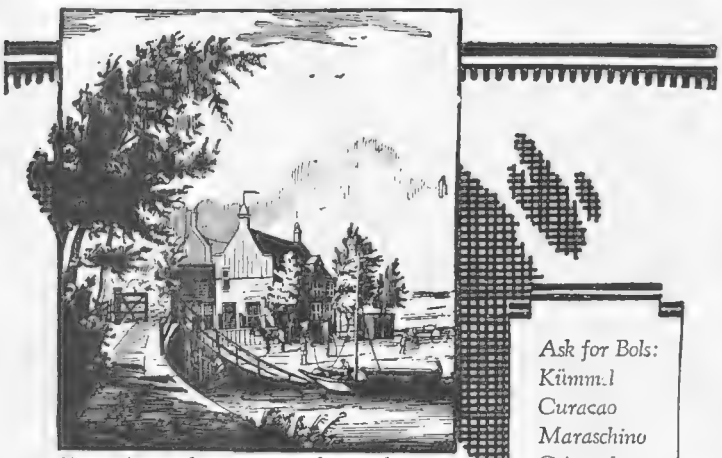

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The Bystander, April 7, 1926

THE
BYSTANDER

116-117, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

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Yours faithfully,
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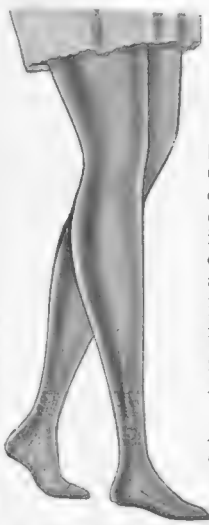
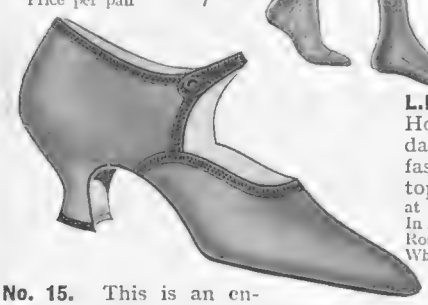


L.H. 39.—Ladies' Sports Hose, in a Silk and Wool mixture, with a vertical design on a marl ground. Fully fashioned, with strongly reinforced toes and heels, these are made of a delightfully soft yarn, which will not irritate the most sensitive skin. In Brown/White, Tan/Champagne, Camel/Brown, Shetland/Brown. Sizes 9, 9½, 10. Price per pair **12/11**

L.H. 38.—Ladies' fancy Celfect Hose, in small check designs, in a variety of pretty, useful, contrasting colours, highly mercerised giving a lustrous appearance. Fully fashioned, in Grey/White, Putty/White, Tan/White, Beige/White. Sizes 9, 9½, 10. Price per pair **7/11**

Postage is paid on all orders over £1 value in the British Isles.



L.H. 43.—Ladies' Pure Silk Hose, in a fine quality, with dainty lace clocks. Fully fashioned, with double garter tops. These stockings fit snugly at ankle, ensuring a smart appearance. In the newest colourings: Camel, Flesh, Rose, Beige, Silver, Biscuit, White. Sizes 9, 9½, 10. Price per pair **14/11**

No. 15. This is an entirely new and distinctive model. It is made in Grey Glacé Kid, with the collar and strap in Grey Lizard Calf. Hand made by expert Gooch craftsmen, with a Louis XV heel, it is stocked in ½ sizes 4 to 8, Price **84/-**

No. 84. Hand made in Goochs own workrooms from the finest materials, this smart Promenade Shoe, in Glacé Kid, in the smart new Oak shade, has a Nigger Glacé strap effect and a Louis XV heel. Stocked in ½-sizes 4 to 8. Price **84/-**

No. 89. Brown Calf Brogue Shoe, with slashed tongue and solid welted soles. Made from excellent materials by skilled workmen, this is a strong and reliable shoe for golf and country wear. It is stocked in ½-sizes 3 to 8. Price **45/-**

No. 34. Exceptionally good value is offered in this fine Brown or Black Calf One-Bar Shoe. Solid welted soles. Leather military heel. It shows the usual Gooch combination of good cut and materials with moderate price. In ½-sizes 3 to 8. Also in a two-bar style. Price **45/-**

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"9,000 *threads*"

YOU ask for "fineness" in Cambric . . . DORCAS is *literally* fine . . . Every square yard of this lovely fabric contains over 9,000 threads, each one playing its vital little part in the whiteness and softness and lustre of DORCAS, as well as in its strength. Each tiny thread is smooth and gleaming and free from knots. Yet a square yard of DORCAS only weighs about two ounces !

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DORCAS CAMBRIC

Reduced price

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a yard. 40 *ins. wide*

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12 dozen (144 names) 5/- **6 dozen** (72 names) 3/9 **3 dozen** (36 names) 2/9

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Send a post-card now for samples and list of styles.

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NON-SLIP TRANSFORMATIONS.

NO NETWORK. NO FRAGILE PARTS. SECURE.

ALL ROUND TRANSFORMATIONS (*as sketch*) With NATURAL PARTING From 6 Guineas.

SEMI Ditto from 5 Guineas.

TOUPETS from £4 17 6

DURABLE and HARD WEARING

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Artistic Perfection in every detail.

A Selection of Chignons, Switches, etc., always in Stock.

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WOODVILLE TEINTURE.—Convenient for touching up the temples and front of the Hair. In the following shades: Pale Ashy Blond, Golden Blond, Chestnut, Light Brown, Medium Brown, Dark Brown and Black. Price 2/6 Bottle. Postage 4d. extra.

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Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

The Aid Afforded by Undies

THE question of *au dessous* is a highly momentous one with all well-dressed women to-day. Necessarily, whatever is worn has to be of the slightest and most unobtrusive character, and of a form that does not interfere with that of the accompanying gown. In fact, the latter can be made or marred by the undies.

Petticoats are entirely taboo, so that which is worn beneath practically resolves itself into figure-forming corselettes, cami-knickers, and *culottes*. It is to the new shape in cami-knickers I want especially to draw attention, since on their adoption hangs success for the correct silhouette.

Needless to say, that very admirable and go-ahead *lingerie* department at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, are among the first to realise the importance of this particular garment, and it was there the example pictured was sketched. From this it will readily be seen how the new and approved shape more closely resembles a long chemise, cut, as it is, all in one, with slight gaugings at the sides, and an extremely low back for evening dress.

In *crêpe de Chine*, with delicately tinted lace introduced down the centre front and round the base, this exquisite little garment is priced at 49s. 9d., and it is worth every penny of the money. It is becoming an unwritten law that the less women wear the more extravagantly beautiful that little shall be.

For sports wear there is an equally apropos innovation entitled "cami-bockers." These can best be described as of long chemise shape, with short knickers attached. They are ideally comfortable for easy movement, as the waist is left entirely free, and there is, consequently, no chance of them riding up. In coloured cotton, Robinson and Cleaver's are making this splendid piece of sports *au dessous* at 7s. 11d., in a long range of tones, and also in *crêpe* corona, a mixture of silk and cotton, at 16s. 11d.

CHARMING LINGERIE

A beautiful example of the newest shape of *au dessous*, by Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street. It is of crêpe de Chine, with delicately tinted lace down the front and round the base, the back being cut very low for evening dress

Sketched by Betty Nisbet

Stencilled Kid

THERE is no longer any doubt that the line of the new wrap-coats is straight. Now and again there may be a suspicion of a flow at the hem, but there are no flares or *godets*, a decree that all can verify for themselves by a visit to the mantle department at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. Here, as all the world knows, the best and most exclusive models invariably put in an early appearance, and the constant *va-et-vient* speaks volumes as to the esteem in which well-dressed women hold this firm.

Few will need to look twice without coveting the black cloth model depicted, the fronts rolled back to the hem with pale grey dyed stencilled kid that rather resembles lizard skin. This represents one of the very latest of the so-called summer furs, which is being used in a variety of neutral shades to tone or contrast with the material composing the coat

Similarly straight and slim is a model of black silk marocain, the hem decorated with large round wheels of black pleated ribbon, a beige dyed squirrel collar being matched up in a *crêpe de Chine* shaded brocade doublure, stitched with ribbon round the edges.

There is a new blue, lighter than navy and yet not quite sapphire, that is especially effective in a fine ribbed cloth. A coat built of this has folds of blue taffetas introduced to effect a becoming silhouette, as was the case in a novel fawn tweed model to which a figure-forming line was imparted by straps of a dull yellow cloth.

In evening manteaux the house is equally up to date and prolific in choice.

STENCILLED KID ARRIVES

An attractive wrap-coat by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It is carried out in black cloth, with collar and cuffs of the fashionable stencilled kid

Sketched by Betty Nisbet

A supremely beautiful example features the sequin craze in a *cotte de maillé* of gold, lined with *crêpe de Chine*, and completed by an immense ruffled collar of velvet.

The Home that is Always Beautiful

IT is with the greatest possible pleasure I make my way periodically to Clapham to see what fresh attractions are being shown by Messrs. Williamson and Cole.

The making of loose covers for chairs and settees they have brought to a fine art, and it is no easy feat to select one of the many window treatments with chair covers to match out of the very exhaustive display. In settling on the "Shirley," illustrated, one is given the choice of a cretonne with poppy design on a grey or dark blue ground. There is, by the way, a marked feeling for blue as the predominant colour note. A dark tone naturally stands a good deal of wear, although grey has ever an effective and fresh look so long as it is kept clean.

Now the cost of the curtains and pelmet for a window 8ft. wide and 9ft.

high is approximately £9, the window-seat with loose cover £5 10s., the "Welbeck" wing-chair with cover £7 3s. 6d., and the "Blenheim" chair £8 11s. 6d. With, say, two small occasional chairs, and a writing bureau, here is furniture enough for any average size drawing-room and living-room.

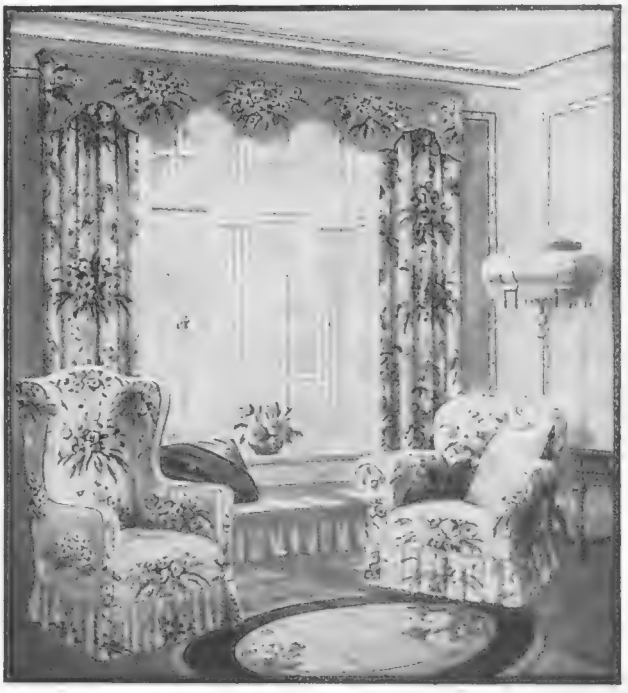
Nor must the oval rug be overlooked, for it is a real bargain in various designs and colours at 33s. 9d.; while the carpet of plain Wilton is a speciality at Williamson and Cole's at 10s. 6d. the yard.

It is in these little points so frequently overlooked that Williamson and Cole excel, and which render their advice of such inestimable value. The firm's new edition of "The Home Beautiful" will be appearing shortly, and can be had on application by mention of THE BYSTANDER.

Excellent Fashions, Including Several Foulard Frocks

ALTHOUGH it was bitterly cold weather the *salons* of the Maison Ross, Grafton Street, W., were full to overflowing two afternoons by women buoyed up by optimism that Spring and Summer will soon be here, and suitable clothes must needs be acquired.

This demand is covered by the Maison Ross in tailor-mades, two- and three-piece suits, afternoon and evening gowns, and the most sumptuous mantles. It was illuminative to note the emphasis laid on foulard, a material now so soft it might almost be mistaken for *crêpe de Chine*. In the case of a two-piece in a deep shade of Japanese blue, woven with small white square spots, there was worn a plain blue silk *marocain* coat lined with the foulard, that reappeared in a thrown-back collar and loose falling lapels. Another, in a many-coloured, close-patterned design, had a triple Eton effect, the topmost little coat being slit up the back.



THE TREATMENT OF WINDOWS
The "Shirley," a fine example of window treatment, by Williamson and Cole, of Clapham

The evening gowns, as always here, were particularly seductive, and included many styles and forms. One, entitled "Hirondelle," of black chiffon, had two swallows in flight worked on the corsage in *diamanté*. A single line of these stones outlined the *décolletage*, that was cut down in a deep V at the back. A lovely little lime-green georgette, embroidered *diamanté*, was worn with a soft-patterned silk shawl.

One notable original piece of embroidery comprised silver tissue visibly stitched to compose a rose design on a foundation of pale pink satin. Much interest, of course, centred round the inexpensive ready-to-wear dresses, to which a *salon*, the Blue Room, is specially allotted. From this environment there came a charming woolly beige jumper and skirt at only 4 guineas, a *chic au*

(*Continued on page* x)

ROYAL CROWN

Champagne
EST 1814 DUMINY
THE EPICURE'S WINE

N.B.—Demand Duminy 1917—English Cuvée exclusively

Why does the LAWN TENNIS EXPERT select
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in preference to courts of other makes?

HE KNOWS THIS SURFACE IS ESSENTIAL FOR CORRECT SPEED, BOUNCE, ETC., IS NOTED FOR ITS DURABILITY, AND IS NOT ARTIFICIAL LIKE ASPHALT, CONCRETE, and similar substitutes. This is the reason why EN-TOUT-CAS Courts are being made in all parts of the world, and why probably more EN-TOUT-CAS Courts are being made in this country than all other types of Hard Courts put together.

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THE EN-TOUT-CAS CO., LTD., SYSTON, LEICESTER.

EN-TOUT-CAS LONDON OFFICES:
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SHAFTESBURY HOMES
&
"ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
HAS GRACIOUSLY PROMISED TO PRESIDE AT A MEETING IN THE

QUEEN'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE
On Tuesday, June 8th next, at 3.30 p.m.
Full particulars will be announced later.
Special donations for His Royal Highness' List will be thankfully received by the Treasurer or Secretaries at the Headquarters :—
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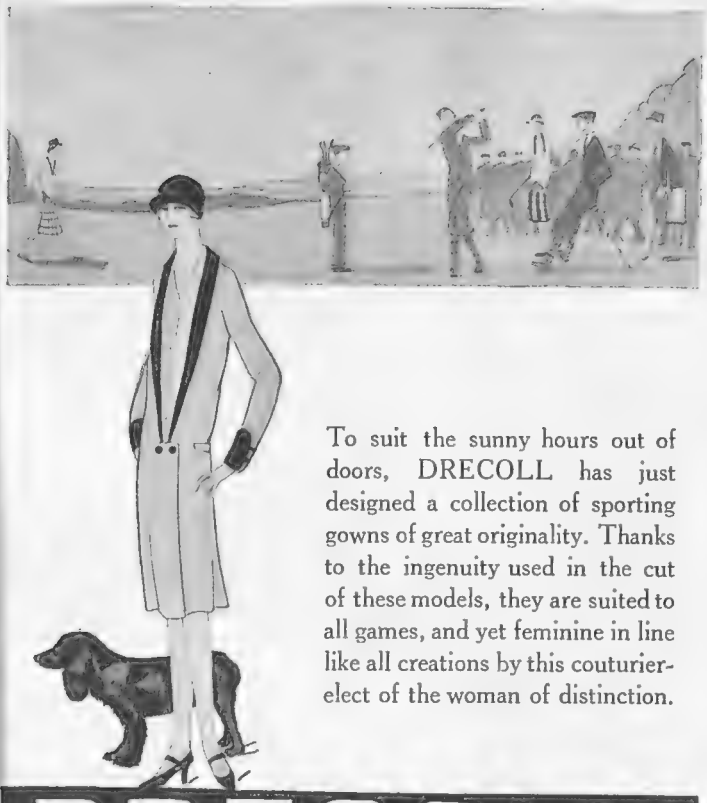
Joint Secretaries : H. BRISTOW WALLEN AND HENRY G. COPELAND.



To suit the sunny hours out of doors, DRECOLL has just designed a collection of sporting gowns of great originality. Thanks to the ingenuity used in the cut of these models, they are suited to all games, and yet feminine in line like all creations by this couturier-elect of the woman of distinction.

DRECOLL

130. AVENUE DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES. PARIS
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Protect your Throat

The throat is very susceptible to infection from the microbes carried in the air by dust or particles of moisture. Particularly is this so in busy streets, crowded buses and trams.

The use of the 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles is a wise precaution against this danger of infection, especially for those subject to throat troubles. These pastilles clear the throat, prevent soreness and allay irritation: they are made from the fresh juice of ripe black currants and pure glycerine, and may be used freely without causing any harmful or unpleasant effects.

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Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

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THE NEW PEARS' CREATION

The Greatest Discovery in Soap-making since 1789

GOLDEN GLORIA

THE beauty secret of Pears' Golden Glory lies in the valuable complexion oils which it contains. These oils are in visibly pure combination in the transparent golden depths of this superb creation of the soap refiners' art.

YOU will find a glowing pleasure in watching the daily effect of its soft, cream-like, perfumed lather on your skin and marvel at the child-like texture which its use soon produces. In Golden Glory the Spirit of Youth has been captured for your service.

PEARS do not make or offer cheap soaps, but in Golden Glory they give the greatest soap-value ever known.

Golden Glory differs in many ways from all ordinary soaps. It is so made that it remains firm and usable to the last wafer.

GOLDEN GLORY is visibly clean—fits the hand—is delightfully perfumed — lathers freely in any water—comforts the skin.

Golden Glory is always sold in a pictured wrapper

Decorated boxes of three cakes **2/-**
or **8d** *each cake*

These prices do not apply to the Irish Free State

In appearance a jewel—
In use a joy

Pears'

Golden Glory

The Golden Soap for Glorious Youth

A. & F. Pears Ltd., London, Soapmakers to Their Majesties the King and Queen

GG 6-21

bois stockinette jumper suit being priced at 6½ guineas, and a parrot-green Léda suit at 10 guineas.

The Penalties of Spring

Joyous and inspiring are the first days of Spring. But, alas! how they show up the havoc wrought by winter weather, fogs and fires. The realisation that nothing is as clean as it should be, made crystal clear under the searching light of the sun, is one of the penalties we have to pay—a mere pin-prick, however, since it is so easily remedied by enlisting the services of a good cleaner. A few days at Eastmans, one of the premier cleaners, who have depots everywhere and a head office at Acton Vale, W., will effect a complete rejuvenation of cretonne covers, curtains, cushion covers, eiderdowns, blankets, etc., besides bringing the comforting assurance that all is really not half-cleaned.

The work done by Eastmans is thorough in every way. They cannot afford that it should be otherwise, since they have an enviable reputation to maintain. They know their job from A to Z, and are as skilled in cleaning the most delicate lace and furs as a rough carriage rug. To all articles entrusted to them, large or small, they bring their wide experience to bear, and the greatest care is exercised. Complete efficiency is their aim, yet their charges are invariably most reasonable.

For the Country House

The problem of heat and light for country houses and for outlying districts has been satisfactorily solved by the introduction of petrol or air gas for lighting, heating and cooking. The Silverlite gas system introduced by Messrs. Spenser, the heating and lighting experts, of 6, London Street, Paddington, W.2, provides every convenience of coal gas and electricity at a very low cost. The "Silverlite" generator is easily installed, and taking up but little space, needs no technical knowledge for its operation. The motive power for working the generator depends upon local conditions, the usual home type being weight-driven—like a grandfather clock. The "Silverlite," in addition to lighting, heating and cooking, also proves an excellent installation for laundry work, poultry, gardening and for the lighting of villages and small towns.

A LIGHT ON THE PAST

A scene from the new British film, "Nell Gwynn," showing Miss Dorothy Gish as the Orange Girl and Randle Ayrton as "Old Rowley." To ensure the correct atmosphere of the period, "Nell Gwynn" candles were used in the scenes

An Immediate Success

The immediate success of the new soap, "Golden Glory," which has lately been introduced by the world-famous firm of A. and F. Pears, is well deserved. The soap attracts at once by its appearance—a translucent golden tablet of unsullied clearness—and the attraction grows when one realises its fragrance and delightful lather. "Golden Glory" is sold in flowered wrappers at 8d. a tablet—a very reasonable price.

An Illuminating Display

Visitors to the recent Ideal Homes Exhibition at Olympia were very greatly interested in the Electrical Development Association's electric house. In this exhibit the electrical industry had combined their efforts, and the result was unusually illuminating in every sense of the word. By contrasting rooms of 50 years ago with the rooms of a modern house, fitted with every electrical convenience, one was able to see how enormously electricity has changed the domestic problem in a short half-century.

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Good accommodation at very moderate prices.

For information and booklets, apply to: Municipal Enquiry Office, Wiesbaden, or to all Tourist Offices.

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WHEN everything is putting out new life, and freshness and beauty are on every hand, your complexion often lacks tone and brilliancy. Climatic changes would have had no power to injure your skin if you had used

BEETHAM'S La-rola

regularly all through the winter months. Commence using La-rola at once on your face, hands and arms, it will keep your skin fresh, soft and smooth and impervious to sun or wind.

From all Chemists & Stores, in bottles, **1/6**

THE COMPLEXION *will be greatly improved by using La-rola Toilet Powder, 2/6 per box, and a touch of La-rola Rose Bloom, 1/- per box, which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell they are artificial.*

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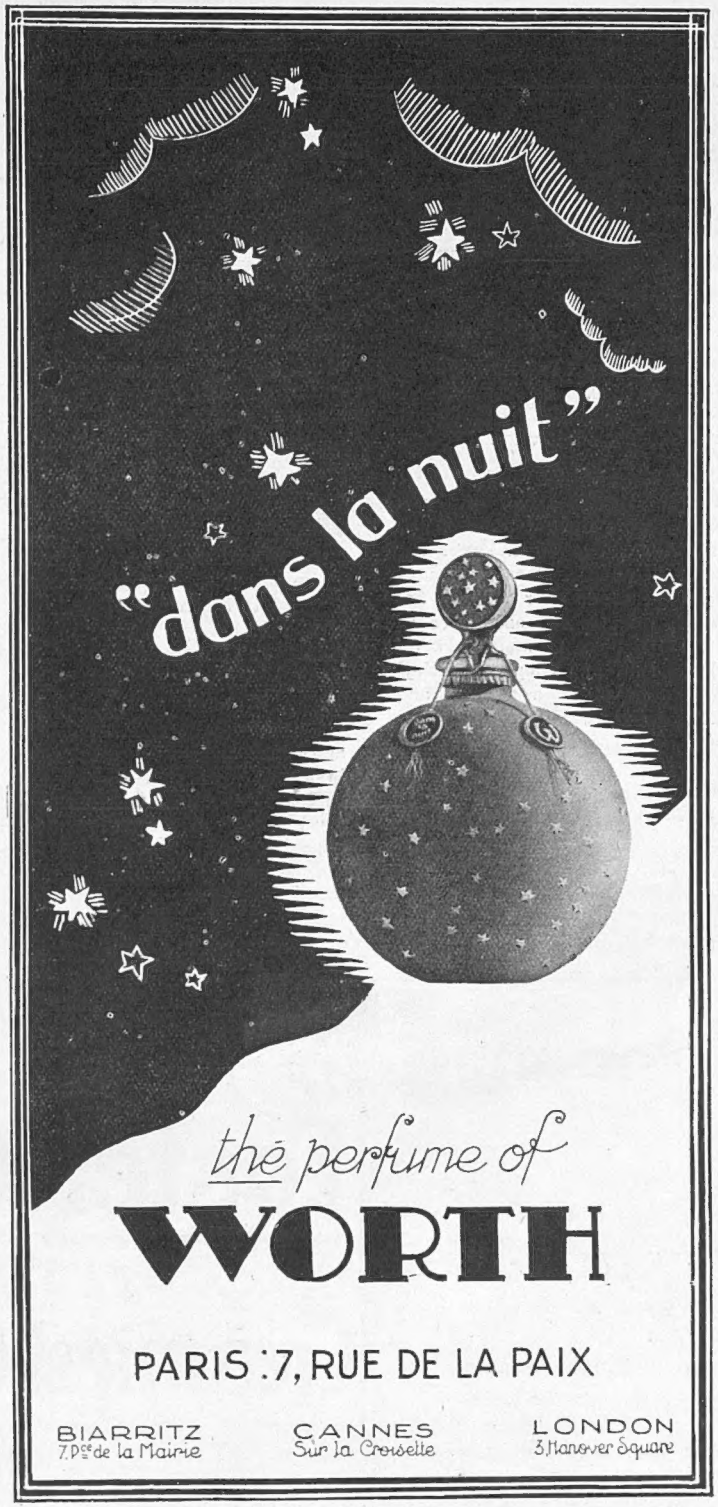

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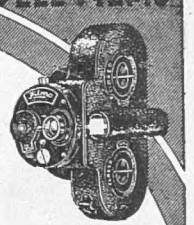

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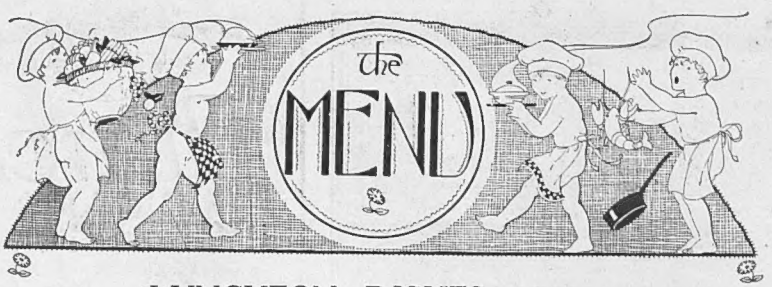

LUNCHEON DISHES

Grilled Salmon Steak.
Roast Loin of Lamb with Mushroom Stuffing.
Cold Chicken Chartreuse.
Anchovy Salad (an Hors d'œuvre).
Tournedos of Beef with Sauce Napolitaine.

Grilled Salmon Steak

Procure the middle cut of salmon, divide into half or three-quarters of an inch thick slices, wipe them with a cloth, dip each slice of fish in flour, and brush over with sweet oil. Place the slices of fish thus prepared between a clean previously oiled grid-iron, and grill them in front of or over a clear fire (coal or gas fire). Allow about ten minutes for each slice to cook. When done, dish up, put a small piece of *maître d'hôtel* butter (butter made with lemon juice, salt, and chopped parsley) on top of each slice, garnish with sprigs of fresh parsley, and serve. This dish can be served hot or cold, but if the latter, spread over each slice a little stiff Tartare sauce in place of the *maître d'hôtel* butter.

Roast Loin of Lamb with Mushroom Stuffing

Procure a good-sized loin of lamb, and have it carefully boned. Then prepare a stuffing by chopping ½ lb. of fresh mushrooms, which have been previously peeled and washed. To this add 4 oz. of breadcrumbs, a tablespoonful of sherry, and a beaten egg. Season with salt, pepper, and a grate of nutmeg, and mix well. Put the prepared stuffing carefully on the cut side of the loin of lamb, fold in the end neatly, then wra it in a piece of buttered grease-proof paper. Place in the oven on a trivet, and cook in a hot oven about one and a half hours, basting it frequent Make a gravy and serve with mint sauce.

Cold Chicken Chartreuse

For this dish the following ingredients are requir About ½ lb. of cooked chicken, free from skin and bo half a pint of Béchamel sauce, quarter of a pint cream, about a pint of aspic jelly, two truffles, t hard-boiled eggs, and seasoning. Decorate the botto and sides of a plain Charlotte mould, previously masked with aspic jelly, with thinly cut slices of truffle and slices of hard-boiled white of egg, and coat lightly with aspic jelly. Chop and pound half the chicken and pass it through a sieve. Dissolve, strain, and add the gelatine, Béchamel sauce, seasoning to taste, and the cream, slightly whipped. Mix well, and line the prepared mould with it. Mix the remainder with the rest of the chicken cut into strips and seasoned, and fill the mould. Cool, then serve.

Anchovy Salad (an Hors d'Œuvre)

Prepare some fillets of anchovy, cut one hard-boiled egg into quarters and chop up two others coarsely, keeping the yolks and white separate, arrange on a glass dish, season with red pepper, chopped tarragon and chervil, and sprinkle with oil and vinegar, arrange the strips of fillets of anchovies in a lattice-work over the top and garnish with the quarters of hard-boiled eggs.

Tournedos of Beef with Sauce Napolitaine

Cut some 2 lb. of fillet of beef into eight neat oval slices, trim and season them with salt and pepper and cook them in margarine in a *sauté* pan over a good fire, turn them frequently. When sufficiently cooked, take up the fillets and keep hot. For the sauce: Melt a piece of butter or margarine, add to this one tablespoonful of flour and stir till it just begins to brown slightly, add in one gill of stock, two cloves, three peppercorns, a sprig of parsley and seasoning to taste. Boil this sauce for ten minutes, skim well, then add a small glass of wine, boil up and strain and pour over the fillets.

EMILIA.

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THE incomparable virtues of the Vichy-Célestins *Natural* Mineral Water have won for it world-wide fame in the treatment of **gout** and kindred disorders.

Drawn from the famous " Célestins " spring at Vichy, and bottled under State supervision, this famous Mineral Water is an acknowledged and *proven* defence against ***gout, diabetes*** and the early stages of chronic affections of the urinary passages.

Pleasing to the palate and invaluable as a tonic-digestant, Vichy-Célestins should be taken regularly at meals, either in its pure state or it can be mixed with light wines or spirits.

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The French Natural Mineral Water

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ALWAYS ASK FOR

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IN PACKETS OF 10 AND 20

IN BOXES OF 50 AND 100

P.1274-A

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